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2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 15x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
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39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
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50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
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53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
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107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
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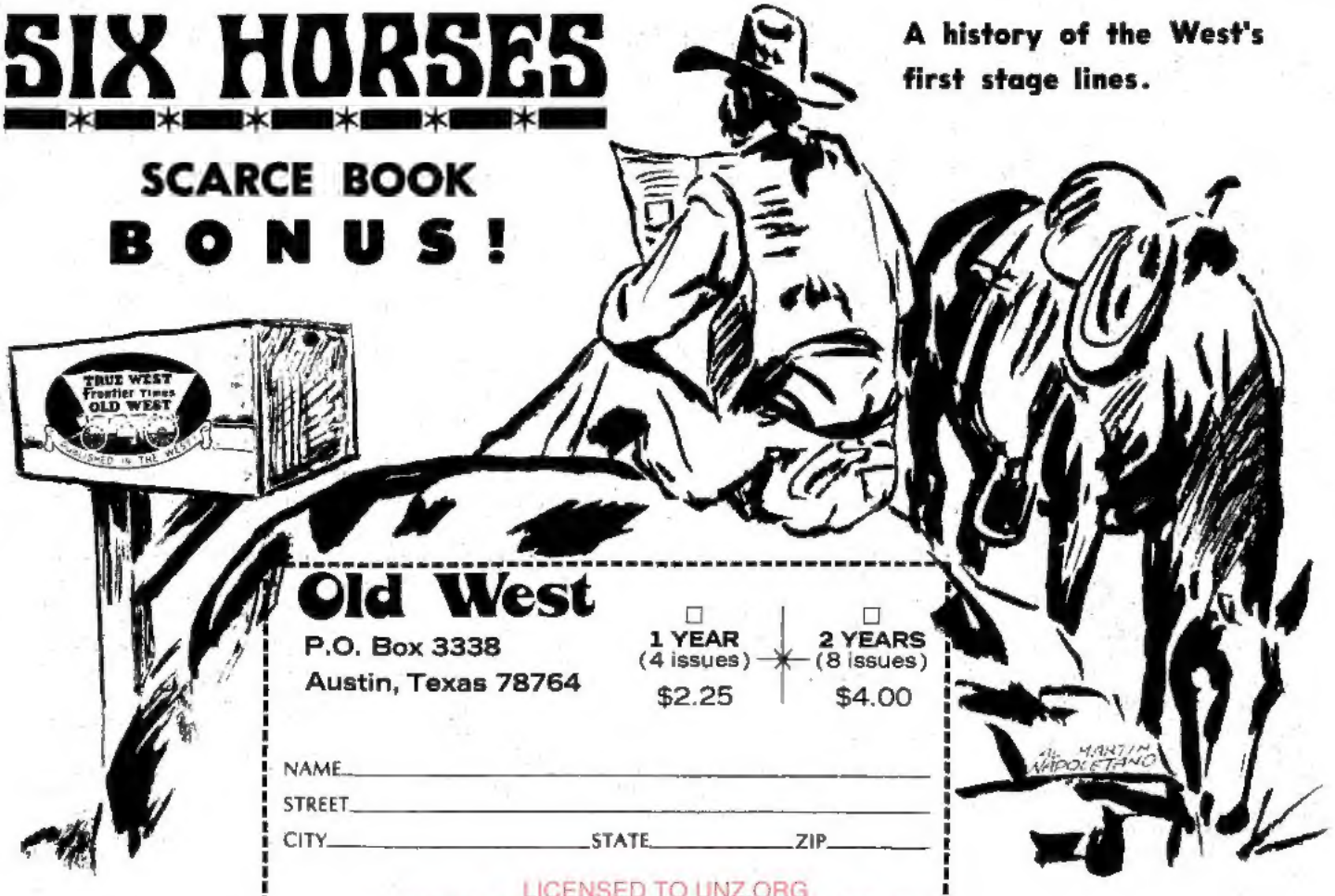

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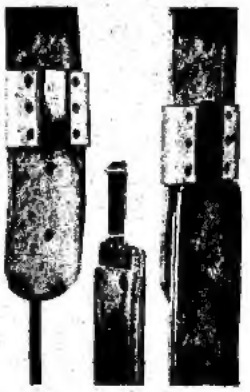

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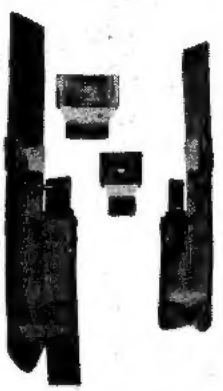

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Vol. 23, No. 5
Whole No. 135

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Cover: Ed Cooper
Washington Driftwood—Olympic Coast

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3338, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78764. 75¢ per copy, $7.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $8.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas, and at additional entry Dallas, Texas.

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True West

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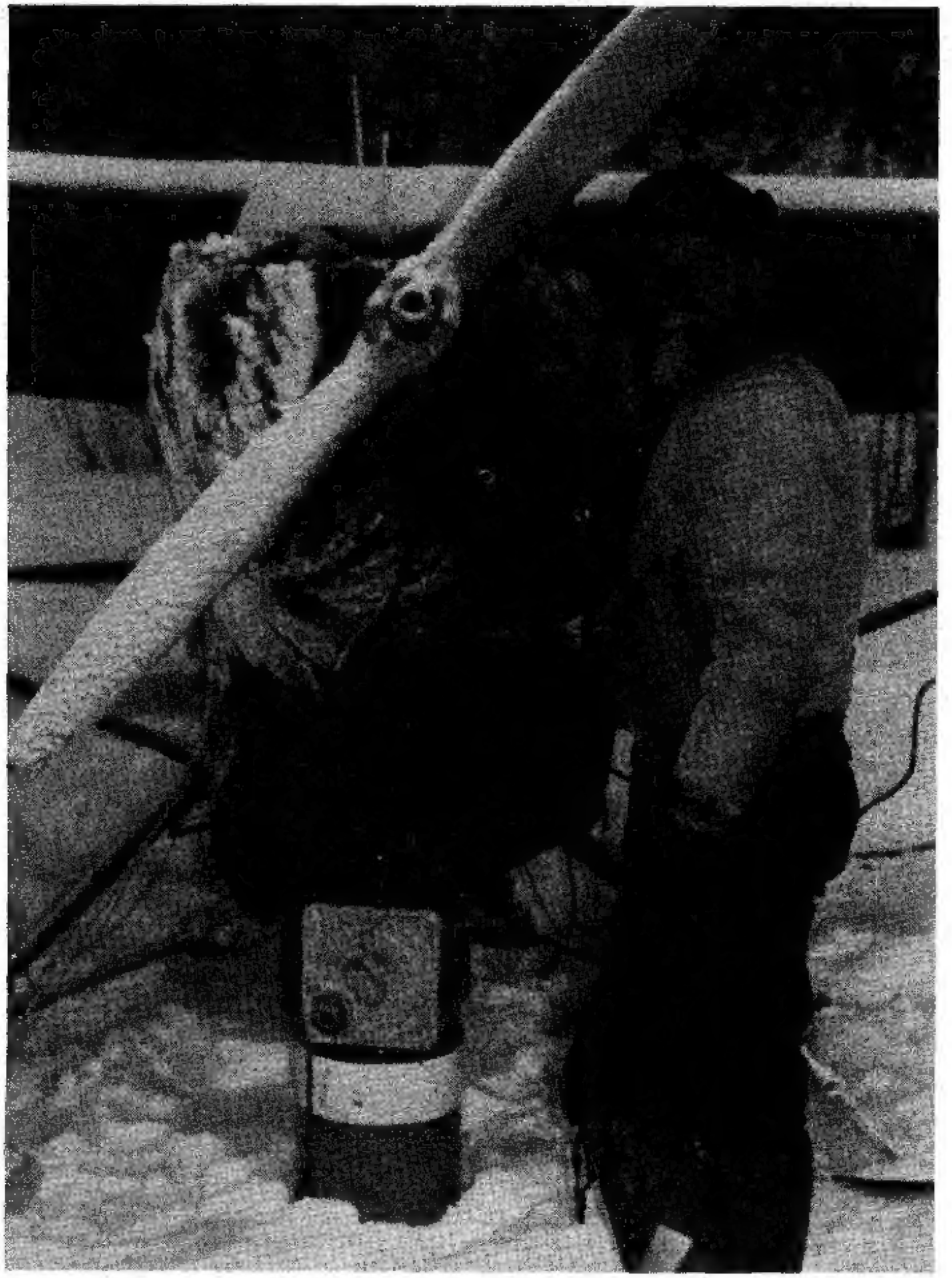
REPORT FROM ALASKA

Photos Courtesy Walter Yates



Above: Walter Yates and the plane which nearly became his coffin. In this photo Walter is warming up the engine, usually a six-hour process which often must make him wonder, "Is this trip really necessary?" Below: The cabin on Post River which Walter built from logs he cut and dragged in from 300 yards to a half-mile away. The trees in the photo were too small to use.

IN February TRUE WEST I wrote about my first trip to Alaska, comparing some aspects of this last frontier to what I have heard and read about the Old West. What I saw and experienced in that Post River country, high in the Alaska Range, approximately 200 miles southwest of Anchorage—well, if I had stayed long enough to grow a beard perhaps I could have imagined myself as one of the old sourdoughs. The country itself is so rugged and remote that I think most of the old prospectors and trappers would feel perfectly at home there even now if they could be brought back to life.

I didn't linger for the heavy snow and those bitter cold, long winter nights but I am getting reports from Walter Yates who is going it alone—the first white man to spend the winter in the vast Post River Valley region. He is at least sixty miles from the nearest human. Walter has a friend, Les Risley, who is a retired bush pilot. Les flies out about once a month, when he can find a hole in the weather, delivers supplies and mail and picks up anything Walter wants to send out. So I get fabulous letters from Walter every month. Actually, it is quite an experience—like receiving a letter from old Jim Bridger when he was spending the winter in the Rockies!

In a letter dated December 26, Walter wrote, "I am really enjoying the snow and cold weather but fifty below zero before winter actually is suppposed to arrive in earnest is a shade cold!"

Walter is realizing a boyhood dream—to spend a year in the wilderness with about the same equipment that the old sourdoughs had for survival. He built a cabin at the confluence of a small stream which he named Silver Creek and the beautiful Post River. He used the same type of tools that were used a hundred years ago to build that cabin and he is trying to live off the land with as little help from the outside as possible. He is shooting a 16mm movie of this unusual venture with Walter as the only character—human character, at least. Walter writes that he spends the "three hours of what you could call daylight with no sun" tramping around the country with his camera and rifle.

His letter about spending Christmas alone for the first time is particularly interesting. It is filled with nostalgia, of course, and makes me think of the accounts we have run of lonesome cowboys snowed in at a line camp, trying to improvise something that looked like Christmas.

Cactus Pryor and I have called Walter all sorts of names for trying this foolhardy dream—one of the least demeaning terms has been "a complete nut!" However, when we visited him in August we began having some hopes of seeing the man again. It is absolutely amazing how

(Continued on page 40)

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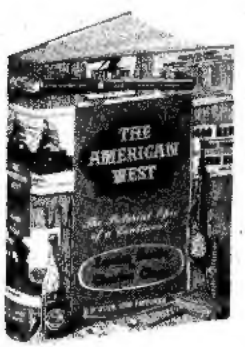

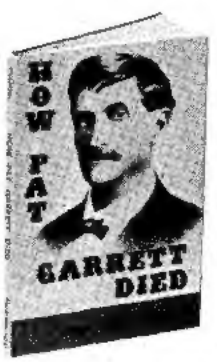

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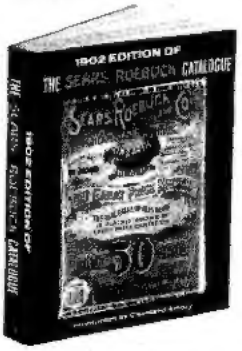

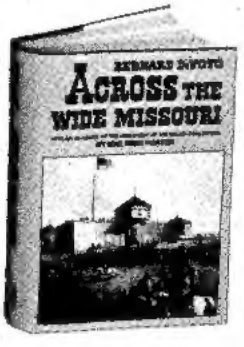

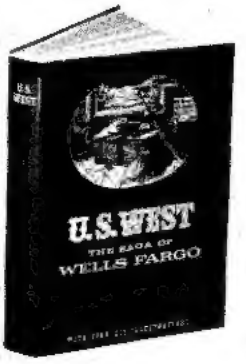

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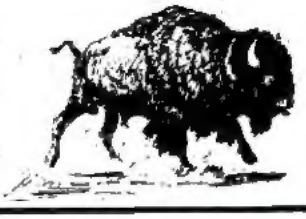

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A CASE OF Forgery

BY WILLIAM B. SECREST

Photos Courtesy Author

LATE in 1895 four men arrived in San Francisco and took rooms in various parts of the city. They came in on different trains, by different routes, and arrived within a few days of each other. There was nothing to connect these men to one another; they might have been tourists or simply businessmen in town to negotiate a corporate transaction. A fifth man, Charles Becker, took a room in nearby Sacramento.

For the next few days the men were swallowed up by the city which had grown from gold rush days to become the metropolis of the West Coast. San Francisco was as romantic and delightful in 1895 as it is today, with attractions ranging from museums, parks and palatial hotels to sawdust-floored gambling halls and saloons along the Barbary Coast. Great brick and stone buildings of commerce vied with the ornate homes on Nob Hill to create a setting on the bay that was uniquely picturesque. Then as now there was no other place quite like it in all the world.

One by one, and always separately, the men appeared on the streets. Each one knew his job and carefully followed a plan which had been formed months before. Of the team, Charles Becker and James Creegan were the best known.

Called the "Prince of Forgers," Becker had a criminal career dating back twenty

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Top left: Newspaper sketch of Isaiah W. Lees made when he became chief in 1897. Far left: Charles Becker, the "Prince of Forgers." Left: A. H. Dean mug shot taken from Lees' Rogues Gallery. Below: A newspaper facsimile of the forged check. Right: View of Market Street in San Francisco around 1895.

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years. He had worked in a lithography plant at one time and had applied his acquired skills to a life of crime that had paid off handsomely despite several prison terms.

James Creegan was the middleman of the operation and the only one who made contact with the others. He too had a long criminal record. Frank Dean, another of the team, had visited the West Coast with Becker and Creegan the previous year and it was estimated the trio cleared some $100,000 before they left.

Ed Mullady and Joe McCluskey were minor figures. Mullady had put up the money while McCluskey was hired as watchdog to make sure there was no monkey business.

THE FIRST STEP of the operation was carried out by Frank Dean in late November. Dean, a handsome man with a well-groomed beard and mustache, rented an office in the Chronicle Building. He furnished it with several desks and chairs, acquired a typewriter, and hired a secretary. He let it be known that he was a broker in stocks, bonds and real estate.

The next step was to catch a train for Woodland, a small town north of Sacramento. Here Dean opened a modest account in a local bank. Returning to San Francisco he then deposited $2,500 in the Nevada Bank and made a point of introducing himself casually to the tellers and bank officials. For the next few weeks he would draw and deposit on these two bank accounts nearly every day so as to appear to be conducting normal business affairs. Intelligent and well read, Dean conversed easily with the bank personnel and was quickly accepted as just another customer.

With carefully planned timing, Dean then put in motion the next step of the plan. He obtained a draft in the amount of $12.00 from his out-of-town bank, then made the first contact with other members of the team. He delivered the draft to Creegan who in turn gave it to Becker at his Sacramento room. Months of planning hung in the balance as the most critical part of the operation would now begin.

Seating himself at a small table, Becker carefully examined the bank draft. He was a handsome man with a rather round face, heavy-lidded eyes, and the handlebar mustache of the period. His first recorded crime had been the burglary of a Baltimore bank in 1872, after which he and his partner fled to Europe where they committed forgeries throughout the continent. Captured in Turkey, the two men escaped and split up, Becker fleeing to England. Back in New York he was caught trying to pass a forged check, but was granted immunity when he turned state's evidence. He worked for a time in his father-in-law's lithography shop, but instead of going straight he was only perfecting his art. Becker's ambition was to become a master forger.

In 1881 he was convicted of counterfeiting one thousand franc notes on the Bank of France and spent six years in prison. When he was released he took James Creegan as a partner and the two victimized nearly every large city in the country. In Omaha they defrauded five banks in one day. Truly a master forger by this time, Becker was known in forging parlance as a "scratch."

Now at his well-lit table, Becker slowly turned the bank draft over in his fingers, looking at it from every angle. The "$12.00" was perforated in the paper and this was his most serious obstacle. The rest of the job was routine. It would consist of some bleaching techniques, matching inks, and then the meticulous hand work for which he was famous. Carefully he plotted just what must be done and in what sequence. The amount forged on the draft must be just the right figure too—not so much that it might arouse suspicion, but enough to make the project worth everyone's while. It had been previously determined to change the $12.00 figure to $22,000. This would be a respectable sum and would lend itself quite well to the forgery.

REMOVING a satchel from a corner of the room, Becker began spreading the contents before him on the table. There were small bottles of colored inks, bleaches, erasers, rubber stamps, pots of paste and starch, and a variety of brushes and fine steel pens. He also selected various sized tweezers, several magnifying glasses, drafting equipment, some small knives and a sheaf of assorted papers. Slowly

In Old San Francisco

Isaiah Lees was one of the smartest criminal-catchers that ever eyed a bank draft

Photo Courtesy Special Collections, California State University Library, Fresno

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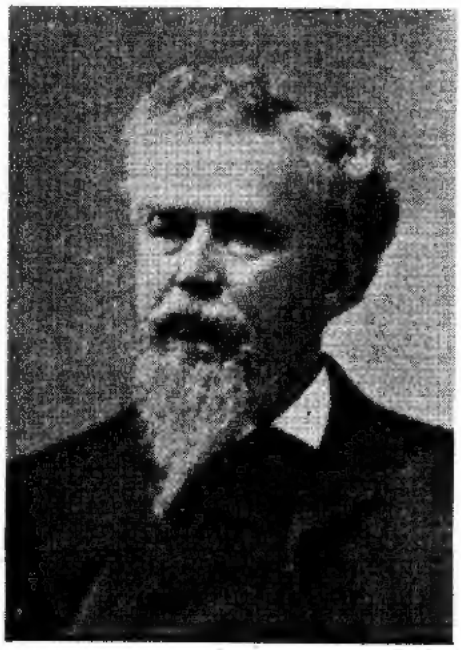
he went about his work, giving careful consideration to every movement of his skilled hands. Time was of no consequence here—only perfection.

Matching the paper as best he could, Becker reduced it to a pulp and added several adhesive elements. He then carefully plugged the several holes that he didn't need which formed the punched number "1". After many tests, he found just the right dye to match the background of the draft and he colored the plugged holes. In a short time the perforated "1" had been altered to form a "2" and he carefully began punching the additional zeros, commas and periods that would transform the $12.00 figure to $22,000.00 The rest of the work was child's play.

Becker delivered the changed or "raised" bank draft to Creegan, who in turn passed it on to Dean. The final act of the scheme was now set to take place.



Right: Portrait of Isaiah Lees made in the mid-1890s. Below: Portion of an article which appeared in the San Francisco *Chronicle* on January 6, 1896.

NEVADA BANK VICTIMIZED BY A FORGER.

TWENTY THOUSAND ON A BOGUS DRAFT.

The Fraud Discovered After Many Days.

A. H. HOLMES IS NOW WANTED

AID OF THE POLICE HAS BEEN INVOKED.

Detectives Say the Work Is the Most Skillful Forgery They Have Ever Seen.

By one of the most clever forgeries that has ever been done in this city the Nevada Bank was swindled out of $20,000 about three weeks ago by a man who is known as A. H. Holmes and A. H. Dean. So cleverly, indeed, was the work done that only a day or two ago was the fraud discovered. The matter has been reported to the police, and detectives are now trying to find some trace of the smooth swindler. They believe he is —

The almost absolute perfection with which the draft had been forged, had nearly defied the detection of even the microscope. In the body of the original $12 draft had been the words "Twelve ——— Dollars." The forger by use of some chemical preparation, had erased the final letters, "lve " from the word "twelve," and had substituted the letters "nty-two"; so that in place of the word "twelve," as it appeared in the genuine draft, there was the word "twenty-two" in the forged paper.

In the space between the word "twenty-two" and the word "dollars" the forger inserted the word "thousand"; so that in place of the draft reading "twelve dollars," as at first, it read "twenty-two thousand dollars," as changed.

In the original $12 draft, the figures "1" and "2" and the character "$" had been punched so that the combination read $12. The forger had filled in these perforations with paper in such a way that the part filled in looked exactly like the field of the paper. After having filled in the perforations, he had perforated the paper with the combination, "$22,000."

The dates, too, had been erased by the chemical process, and in their stead were dates which would make it appear that the paper had been presented for payment within a reasonable length of time after it had been issued. The dates in the original draft, if left on the forged draft, would have been liable to arouse suspicion at the bank, for they would have shown that the holder had detained [illegible]

On December 18, 1895 Dean deposited the draft at the Nevada Bank. The next day he again called at the bank, this time to make a withdrawal. Both Creegan and McCluskey trailed a block behind him to keep an eye both on Dean and each other. No one was taking a chance on a last minute disappearing act with the money.

Making small talk with the teller, Dean presented a withdrawal slip and watched as the cash was unhesitatingly counted out. After placing the money in his valise, Dean commented that he would see the teller next week and then sauntered out the door.

That night all five criminals met for the first time since coming to San Francisco. An uptown hotel room was rented for the purpose and the money was divided according to prior arrangement. After agreeing to split up for awhile until the heat was off, the men then quietly left the hotel, one at a time, and all left town that night by separate routes. It was apparently another successful operation.

The altered bank draft passed both the bank and the Clearing House, but in the course of a regular audit on January 4, 1896, the fraud was discovered. It was an angry John Kavanaugh, of the Nevada Bank, who stalked into the San Francisco police station on that brisk Saturday afternoon. Kavanaugh was shown to the desk of Billy Heyneman, personal secretary to the Captain of Detectives. Handing him an elaborately engraved card, the banker was quickly shown into the inner office where Captain Lees was just rising from his swivel chair to greet him. After shaking hands the two men sat down and Kavanaugh told him of the raised check. Lees listened and shook his shaggy head knowingly.

Isaiah Wrigley Lees was a legend in San Francisco. Born in England in 1830, he had been brought to this country when just an infant and in his youth had been apprenticed to an iron worker. He had come to the Bay City in May 1849 during the gold rush, and after working at several jobs had joined the police force in October 1853. Law enforcement proved to be the ideal career for Lees and he quickly distinguished himself by his clever and painstaking detective work.

Even before he had joined the department, Lees had gathered the evidence to convict the first man legally hanged in San Francisco after the American occupation. Appointed an assistant police captain in 1854, two years later he became the first Captain of Detectives. It was in 1854 that Lees established the world's first police Rogue's Gallery when he began photographing criminals at his own expense. By the 1880s his system was being used throughout the world and is still regarded as the first scientific approach to crime detection.

It was Lees who had discovered the false-bottomed ballot boxes in 1856, but he was forced to turn them over to the vigilantes who at that time controlled the city. His feats of crime-fighting and per-

(Continued on page 56)

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Foreword * "The Brookings"

Because comparatively little has been published about the man who was best known to some as Bood Brookin we are reprinting excerpts from two stories which gave a clue to his character as seen by a neighbor, the late W. B. Self of Baylor County. Mr. Self was interviewed by W. L. Robinson.

From "Reminiscences of a Trail Cutter," September 1973 FRONTIER TIMES.

UNCLE ANDREW TAYLOR, who lived northeast of Seymour toward the Wichita, came into town and reported to the sheriff that two good work horses had turned up at his place. He said they were big bay horses, gentle and both branded with the same brand, and that he would keep them until the rightful owner came for them. Well, the news spread fast about the stray horses out at Uncle Andrew's place and a morning or two later when he went out to the barn those horses were gone. Sign showed that someone had led them away, but the tracks soon went into rough country and those horses just disappeared.

Now, Uncle Andrew was above reproach. Nobody was suspicious of him, but everybody wondered who got the horses. The sheriff put out descriptions and, as the Texas Rangers were patrolling all that frontier they had a description of the horses.

Almost a year later the Rangers came up here and arrested Bood Brooking and charged him with stealing the horses. It seemed the Rangers had found those horses down in Llano County. A fellow by the name of Johnson had them and he said he bought them from Bood Brooking who was from Baylor County. Bood said he didn't get the horses. Somebody was using his name. Anyway, the Grand Jury indicted Bood and he got a lawyer and made bond. He got a change of venue and they tried him in Haskell County.

I was summoned as a character witness so I went down to Haskell for the trial. Now, the key witness to the whole trial was this fellow Johnson from Llano County who had told the Rangers that Bood brought the horses down there and sold them to him. The district attorney put Johnson on the stand and, after the usual identifying questions, he asked him if he knew Bood Brooking. Mr. Johnson said he sure did, knew him real well. Bood was sitting at a table right in front of him. The district attorney asked Johnson to look around the courtroom and, if Bood Brooking was there, to point him out. Johnson stood up and looked all around the courtroom and finally picked out a member of the jury and said he was sure that fellow was Bood Brooking. Well, Mr. Johnson impeached himself as a witness, and the judge set Bood free and we came on home.

BILL BROOKING and his brother Bood were my neighbors over there in the Wichita brakes and were the best neighbors anyone ever had; but they were a couple of characters. They ran a panther in a cave over in the brakes one time and then tried to smoke him out with green cedar and everything else they could find, but the panther wouldn't come out. Finally Bood fixed him a torch and crawled in that cave with the torch in one hand and his six-shooter in the other, and ran that panther out and Bill shot it.

They got into an argument one time about what time the sun set. Bood said the sun set about six-thirty o'clock and Bill said, "Oh, no, it's later than that, somewhere around seven-thirty." Finally Bood said, "If the sun sets at seven-thirty, it sets after dark."

Bood Brooking was a man that had a way with animals. He had a long-legged sorrel mule that he used to catch maverick cattle in rough country. He said the mule was sure-footed and could catch about anything he ran at if he thought he had an even chance, but if that mule didn't think he had a chance he wouldn't even try. He also had a big old cur dog that he had trained for a catch dog. That dog wouldn't pay any attention to an animal that was branded and had earmarks, but he would catch every maverick he ran across. He had a way of running onto a yearling and getting it by the nose with his teeth. He would drop down between its forelegs and throw it with all ease. He would hold that yearling until Bood rode up and got a rope on it.

The Brookings grew up down in southern Texas and had been through the Mexican border trouble and the Taylor and Sutton Feud, and had seen some rocky times. They were free range men and didn't like barbed wire fences. They moved on west into New Mexico and finally on into Arizona. They were good cowmen.

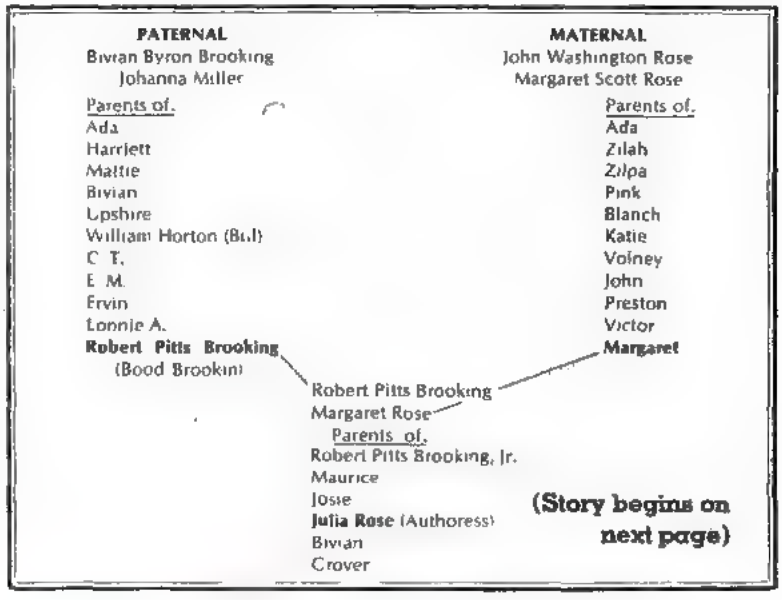
From "Early Days on the Wichita," October 1975 TRUE WEST.

In the spring of 1883 Bood Brooking, Albert Tyson and I were in the old Q T. Saloon in Seymour one night. We had been down as far south as Elm Creek in Throckmorton County working with other outfits and picking up cattle from the Wichita country that had drifted down there. We were bringing them back home. We were sitting around in the saloon visiting and catching up on our drinking a little bit, and Bood Brooking was standing at the bar talking to Bud Montgomery, the bartender, when three men walked in. They were with a trail herd from South Texas that was camped about two miles east of town.

The man who seemed to be the leader didn't seem to notice anything until he got to the bar and Bood turned around facing him. They were both carrying six-shooters. The man ordered whiskey. Bud Montgomery served him his drink and all this time the man and Bood had not said a word but were just standing and watching one another. The man downed his drink and said, "Bood, come out in the street and we will settle up," and Bood said, "When you think I won't, you are a damn fool," and they started for the door.

Albert Tyson and I and some other men got in front of Bood and held him back while the two men with the other fellow kept him walking right on out the door. After a little while they got on their horses and left town. Bood never mentioned that incident afterward, and I never knew who the man was. I supposed it was some of that old South Texas trouble.

As another aid to the reader, due to the occurrence of identical names, we are giving a brief family tree of the Brooking and Rose families.



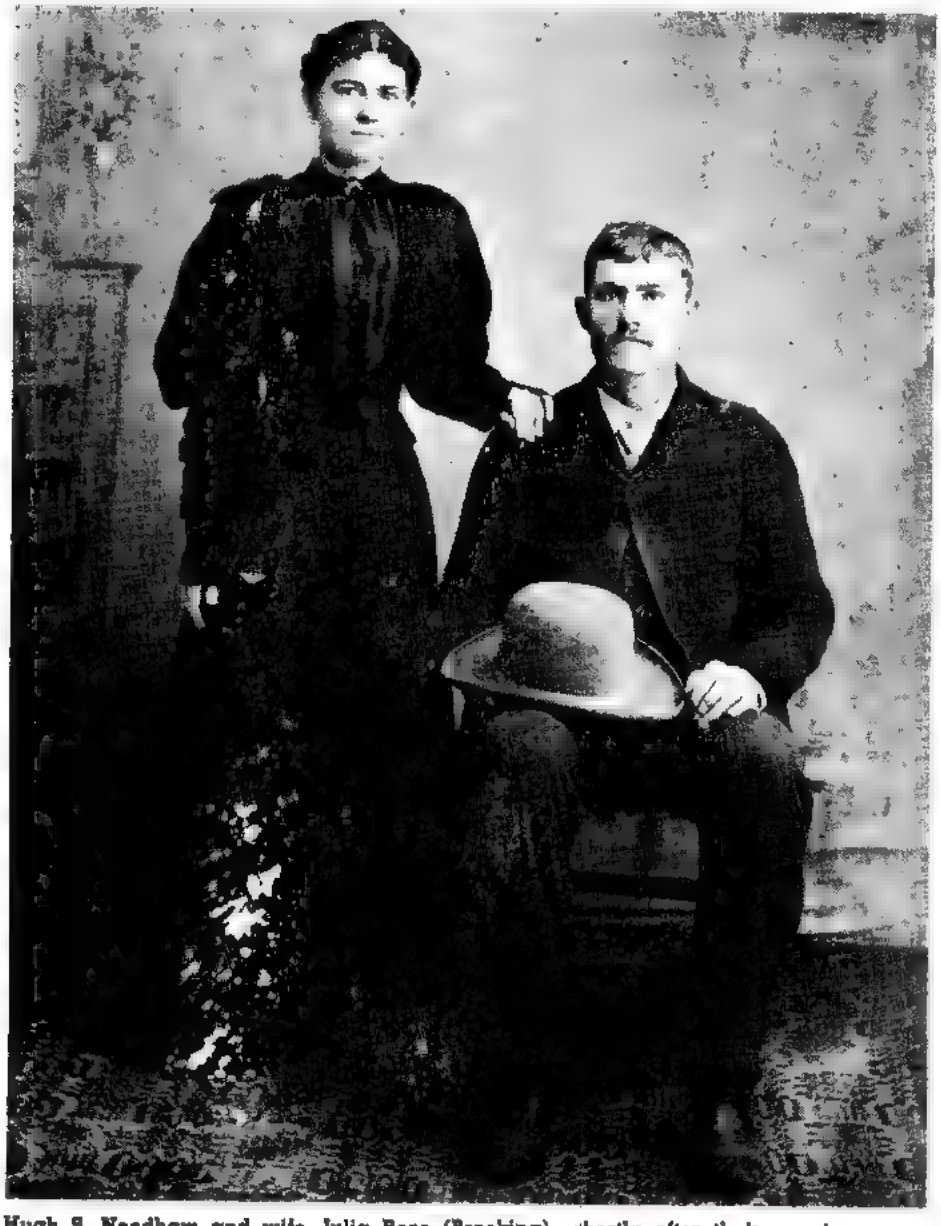
(Story begins on next page)

THE BROOKINGS

By JULIA ROSE BROOKING NEEDHAM submitted by DOROTHY N. WHITLEY

Photos Courtesy Author

This is a family history which is somewhat dominated by the personality of one man. We regret that we heard of him forty years too late. He is gone, and so are the men from Texas and New Mexico who knew him. Bood didn't always see the sun rise from the same window but it isn't likely he was on the run. We'd guess it was a case of "moving on before you get out of the habit of hoping..."



Hugh S. Needham and wife, Julia Rose (Brooking), shortly after their marriage.

Explanatory Note: My grandfather, Robert Pitts Brooking (Bood Brookin), was born in Goliad, Texas on March 6, 1854. His daughter Julia Rose Brooking Needham, who was my mother, avoided conversations concerning her father's participation in those bitter feuds of South Texas, so I began my own research in the spring of 1975. I have consulted relatives who have information handed down from relatives of the era, and the general belief among those who are of blood relation to my grandfather insist that the original name of the family was "Brookin," even though the name is spelled "Brooking" in many old historical notes, the writings of Victor M. Rose, and elsewhere.

To my knowledge, my grandfather left no written records of his past life but there are letters, most of which are simply signed "Dad." One, however, written from Safford, Arizona is signed "R. P. Brooking." Signing his whole name in a personal letter was an uncommon occurrence.

A letter that I received only a few days ago explains the viewpoint of members of the family older than I, concerning the variation in the name:

"You mentioned in your letter about the "g" being added to the "Brookin" name. Well, that is right. Bobie [Barbara] and I both remember Mama saying that too many times, and it wasn't in her elderly years either. And I think that Mama knew what she was talking about." This statement was from Julia Rose Hill; daughter of Julia Rose Brooking Needham.

There, without doubt, will be differences in opinion regarding the variation of the name but one can only relate the information that one has. Following are reminiscences written by Julia Rose Brooking Needham in 1960:

MEMOIRS

ON a cool, rainy night, May 4, 1878, a little blackhaired girl made her arrival. I was a seven-pound baby. My parents were Margaret Rose and Robert Pitts Brooking. The house was aglow from upstairs to basement. Not only the best parents, but the most wonderful grandmother a child ever had, were rejoicing, for they had waited four weeks after the expected date of arrival.

I was born at my grandmother's house, Mrs. Margaret Rose. My Grandfather

Robert Pitts Brooking (Bood Brookin).

Rose had been dead for many years. From the description, it must have been a beautiful home. Eight hundred acres of beauty I have been told. A large house, thirteen rooms, located at Forest Grove, about fifteen miles from Victoria, Texas.

I was named Julia for my cousin, ten years older than I. Cousin Julia took possession of me almost. I have been told that when I was a tiny baby, Cousin Julia would sit under the apple trees and rock me for hours. When Mother and Dad left the area, I understand that she cried for days. I didn't see her again, but when I was old enough to write I sent her long letters. She wrote long letters in return—they were almost like reading a story book.

Cousin Julia was the daughter of Uncle Victor Rose. Her mother died with yellow fever shortly after her birth. Yellow fever was raging at that time, and a law was passed that the victims must be buried soon after death. The coffin was removed to the graveyard, and Uncle Victor and a friend stayed in the graveyard throughout the night, thinking she might by chance still be alive and in a coma. They did that sometimes with yellow fever.

Uncle Victor returned home after his wife's burial early the next morning, and almost immediately took sick with yellow fever himself. He never seemed to have good health afterward. He was an author and newspaperman.

He used to send the paper to my mother in Taos, New Mexico. I believe it was in 1893, when we received our paper as usual, that inside it was his death notice.

One of his books was *Ross' Texas Brigade*. Uncle Vic usually went by the name of Colonel V. M. Rose. I don't know if he was really a colonel or if it was just an honorary title. He served under Lawrence S. Ross in the Civil War.

Several years after his first wife died, Uncle Victor married Dad's baby sister, Ada, but they only lived together six months. Uncle Vic didn't marry anymore. Aunt Ada later married a Mr. Ginnings, but this marriage didn't last. She lived a long life alone. She was very tall, five feet and eleven inches, and was a very good-looking lady. She died about 1950.

I HAD quite a gathering of relatives in South Texas. Grandpa Rose was Superior Judge for many years; Uncle Victor was a lawyer; Uncle Volney was a college teacher; Uncle John was an invalid most of his life; Uncle Preston (Pet) was a pretty rough customer, a Texas cowboy, pure and simple.

There had been a lot of trouble. It started between a couple of families by the names of Sutton and Taylor back about 1858 (I believe). My grandfather Bivian Brooking was a sheriff. The whole thing began over livestock. Of course, all I knew about this war is what I have been told. I was very small when we left Victoria County.

Granddad had some knowledge of what was to happen (he expected a riot), and he told the citizens they were all deputized. When the trouble started, the merchants, barbers, blacksmiths—all were armed and ready. There was quite a killing, and my grandfather was one who was killed.

Grandmother Brooking heard the disturbance while gathering in some quilts from the clothesline. Just at that moment a man ran up and darted underneath one of the quilts. He asked Grandmother Brooking to leave the quilt, and she did. Minutes later she received the bad news that her husband had just been killed, but the man under the quilt by then was gone.

Most of the troublemakers were killed or hanged the following day. A group of men came by Grandmother's house and picked up my father, Robert P. Brooking, who was just a small boy playing in the sand. He always remembered it very well. They took him out so he could watch the men being hanged, reminding him that "those men killed his daddy." So when the Brooking boys grew up, and the old feud seemed to be rising again, they formed a wagontrain. Three of the wagons belonged to the Brookings: Uncle Upshire, a professional gambler, and very successful; Uncle Bill; and Robert Pitts, my father who was a stockman. We left Victoria County in 1880. I was two years old in May, when we left in November. I remember some things concerning the trip. What I don't remember, I have been told.

Even though Bill Brooking was a "rolling stone" I thought he was one of the greatest men anywhere, and he had three wonderful boys. However, Dad kept Uncle Bill's boys most of the time. Gradually the other wagons began to drop out of the train, until the three wagons belonging to the Brooking brothers were all that reached Baylor County, Texas. Dad hired men to drive the wagons while he scouted. The prairie was well stocked with game. There were still a few buffalo. A few years afterward, wagons covered the countryside picking up the bones. Their teams were oxen. I have done my share of riding behind ox teams. They were slow but sure.

We had a large tent, and a camp stove. Sometime we would stretch the tent and stay for several days, due to bad weather or other reasons causing delay. We stopped over at Weatherford, Texas for a few days because one of the horses stepped on a ten-penny nail. After the horse died, it took two or three more

The author's home at Ranger, Texas.

days to replace him and get on our way once more. While in Weatherford we also lost our dog. He ate poison which had been placed around the area for wolves.

Then the following week one of our horses was stolen, so we were camped once more for several days. Once when we stopped to make camp, Dad and the boys were preparing to take the horses to water and mentioned the fact that the grass would need to be burned when they returned. This was to clear the area for a campsite.

Mother was not very well and was inside the wagon when I decided to burn the dead grass that was almost waist high. What a terrible mistake. The fire flashed across the countryside as though the grass was soaked in gasoline. I remember it very well. It demolished a wagon, Mother's piano, a wardrobe, some harness and bedding. I regretted it with all my heart, though I didn't cry until I found a rabbit with its hair burned off. It was then that I cried—and cried.

Dad, with the remains of the burned wagon, built another but we were stranded for some time. He would leave the campsite each morning, and return with meat for the day. There were plenty of prairie chickens, turkeys and rabbits—but also plenty of rattlesnakes!

WHEN we finally reached Baylor County, we settled on a piece of land twelve miles north of Seymour. My sister Josie was born there.

Uncle Upshire didn't stop at Seymour, but kept going until he reached Carlsbad (it was Eddy, New Mexico, then). He never returned to Texas. Later he continued on to Arizona, where he died many years later in Globe.

Dad was away from home a lot, and Mother spent many lonely days and nights with just us children. Once we were notified that Indians were on the warpath and headed our way. Many people of Seymour gathered at our house for protection but the Indians didn't arrive. Two line riders were killed and scalped about a mile from us.

The following day the men of the area went after the Indians, but the soldiers were the ones who found them. These Indians were not returned to the reservation. It was our last Indian raid.

One day Mother was alone, except for Josie who was only six months old, and myself, when a couple of Indians ventured up to our place, and caught one of our calves. They dressed it and ate what they could, then tied the rest on their ponies and left.

Dad purchased a ranch near Seymour, and most of my childhood was spent there. I could ride, rope, or do almost anything else that was done on a ranch. We usually moved into Seymour during the winter months so that we children could attend school.

How we loved the old ranch! But it is in the bottom of Kemp Lake, now.

Two of Uncle Upshire's daughters visited us one summer, and one of the girls remained with us. Her name was Emma. She was quite surprised over the number of cowboys roaming the ranch when she first arrived. And as she marveled, she asked, "Why all the cowboys?"

Dad explained that the cowboys cared for the cattle, and she immediately asked, "Uncle Bob, you don't eat at the same table with them, do you?"

"We do, unless the cowboys eat before we do!" Dad replied. (Which happened often.)

Emma lived with us about a year, and married one of these cowboy "critters"! This critter happened to be Mother's brother, Preston Rose. After the wedding Dad asked her, "Do you intend to eat at the same table with that cowboy?"

"Old Diamond Tail's" name can be explained by his brand —◇ . He was Baylor County's Outlaw No. 1. A hundred dollars hung over his head, dead or alive. Part of his herd were mustangs and some were fine horses. More of them were killed than captured, but Old Diamond Tail was still going strong when we left Baylor County—even with a crippled leg from being shot.

There were also wild dogs. Sometimes our domestic fowls would take off for the woods—chickens, turkeys, and guineas. Sometimes people would go

Johanna Miller Brooking and son (Robert Pitts Brooking's mother and brother), 1840s.

ONE WINTER when we were living in town, Mother sent me to the store for bread. There was one store and three saloons and I had to pass a saloon to reach the store. Just as I approached the doorway of the saloon a man rushed out with four others in swift pursuit. I knew every one of them. I also saw clearly the one who committed the murder.

I rushed home to tell Mother and Dad. I explained a certain person killed so-and-so, and called their names.

"You didn't see anything!" Dad scolded. "Don't ever mention it again!" And I didn't. "Forget it," he said. But I didn't do *that*.

My four brothers were born in Seymour. I was the oldest child, then Josie, Robert Pitts, Jr., Bivian, Maurice and Grover were the order of ages. During those years many wild horses roamed the prairies. The leader of one group was a well-bred stallion who was a holy terror! This devilish creature killed colts, calves, and even other stallions. wild; this would mean a shooting and a trip to the graveyard; though, more often, a hole was dug to bury them where they fell. Not a funeral note—not a farewell song—— no kin notified—such was frontier life.

My dad, Robert P. Brooking, was a quiet man and one of the most charitable people I ever knew, but he didn't claim to be a Christian. He was friendly with everyone, and not impulsive like his brother Bill. Uncle Bill and Dad were quite different in every way. Bill was a small 130 pounds of trouble, but he was very good to me.

I will explain some differences in the two men. In the trail-driving period, settlers who lived near the trail would lose stock to the herd passing through. This stock would be driven to market along with the cattle herd. The settlers grew tired of this and decided to put a stop to it.

One night a trail herd camped about a mile from our house. Before they pulled out the next morning, it was learned that some neighbors' stock, as

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well as Uncle Bill's and also some of Dad's, were among them. So, Uncle Bill, Mr. Black, and Mr. Hudgins went after the stock.

Uncle Bill could *say* as much as anybody, but it didn't seem to accomplish a great deal. They came back empty-handed. Uncle Bill explained that he was told positively, "There will be no stock taken out of this herd!"

So then Dad went after the cattle, taking Uncle Bill, Mr. Hudgins and Mr. Black to hold the cattle as they were being cut out of the herd. Dad found the trail boss and told him what he had come for.

The boss stated flatly, "There won't be a single cow cut out of my herd!"

"Ours will be cut out, or you'll be cut off at your pockets!" Dad answered quickly, and went into the herd after their cattle.

Farther down the road the trail drivers noticed a cow Dad had overlooked. They left the cow there and sent word back to Dad.

Bivian Byron Brooking (Robert Pitts Brooking's father) in the 1840s.

MY FATHER left town when he and Mother separated. He was gone for quite a long time. He returned; however the marriage, it seemed, had lost its value as he left again when I was about fourteen.

It was shortly before he left, that on one rainy afternoon three men stopped by and wanted to stay for the night. Of course, it was all right with Dad. The rain continued solid for about three days. Then on Sunday, the skies were clear. It was a nice sunny day.

We had country singings on Sunday afternoons. The middle one of the boys (a handsome chap) wanted to go to the singing with me, but Dad wouldn't let me go with him. The strangers saddled their horses and left that day.

Dad called me inside after they were gone, and said: "Julia, that boy you wanted to go to singing with was Bob Dalton."

I was rather startled, as he had made such a splendid appearance, and was very nice looking. The others were Grat and Emmett. There were two Dalton gangs. I know little about the older Dalton Gang; they were a generation ahead of me.

During the time of the cowboy, as with the Indian, each day of his life, each moment, was a confrontation with something. And each moment could be his last. For example, when Mother and Dad were separated, he was staying in a hotel in some cowtown. One day a cowpoke dashed up the staircase and explained, "There's a guy downstairs headed this way, says he's coming to kill ye!"

Dad slipped behind the door, waiting with gun poised, and just in time. Some angry individual, redfaced with rage rushed up the steps with gun drawn. Dad shot him through the crack in the door!

There was a haunted house about a hundred miles from us, a rather "weird" shack it was said. About eight o'clock each evening there were sounds of a huge fowl making a loud screeching call, while dragging its feet and wings across the roof of the deserted dwelling. There was a $100 reward put up for anyone who would spend the night in the house alone.

Dad and Uncle Bill rode out on the plains where the house was located, so that Uncle Bill could sleep inside and collect the reward. Dad made his bed down in the yard.

The weird bird sounds didn't seem to bother Uncle Bill at all, but about midnight he dashed madly out with the explanation that, "There's rats in there as big as 'possums!"

"Those rats are not going to bother you," Dad replied.

"Well, I guess you're right," Uncle Bill agreed, "but what am I going to do about that baby that slipped up while I was asleep and rubbed its hand across my face!"

Uncle Bill didn't get the reward.

WE HAD some wonderful times there in Seymour. Uncle Bill lived near us, and his children stayed with us most of the time. Dad had a couple of race horses. The filly died, but old George lived to be a very old horse and won a lot of races. We also had Durham cattle, and that was something! Dad was the first man in Baylor County to purchase Durham cattle. Well, anyway, that was just before we left Seymour.

When Dad left us the second time, Mother took us children and went to White Oaks, New Mexico. She had two brothers there—Uncle John and Uncle Preston Rose.

Mother and Dad went back together in White Oaks for the last time. They lived together a short while. After this parting Mother got a divorce.

She had charge of the City Bakery, and also the cafe adjoining it, there in White Oaks. I worked at a shipping station for awhile, where ore from the mines was loaded on cars and shipped out. There was a constant train of wagons, both day and night. The drivers were mostly Mexicans. Mr. and Mrs. Dedrich had charge of the station. Mr. Dedrich operated it during the day, and Mrs. Dedrich and I ran it at night.

There were two sets of books to keep. Each load was weighed and emptied, the weight recorded, then the wagon weight deducted. There was quite a bit to do. After a time, Mrs. Dedrich left the job with me. I had to take care of the office, the books, and everything; so, shortly afterward, when I received my pay one Saturday, I failed to go back. (Later I went to Glorieta and attended business school. Mother wrote me a letter later, remarking that Mr. Dedrich had left the area without paying his hired hands.)

There were about four times as many boys as girls in White Oaks, so the girls had things their way. There wasn't anyone who believed she was better than anyone else. We were all on a perfect level; therefore we were a very happy group.

My three remaining brothers grew up in White Oaks. (Grover had died at the age of eleven months.) My brother Pitts was a mine inspector and traveled from one district to another, inspecting each mine once every month for safety conditions. Pitts was in World War I, was wounded, gassed, and left an invalid.

(Continued on page 48)

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WAYBILLS OF THE

Beer—booze—and bullion!

BY JOHN B. AYMAR

Photos Courtesy Author

A FRIEND, knowing of my deep interest in the historic Virginia and Truckee Railroad of Comstock fame, handed me an envelope of old railroad waybills and said, "I think you will enjoy these." I laid the waybills on my desk and as I studied them, the dates, cargoes, names of shippers, consignees, and destinations seemed to jump out of the paper—Hearst, J. G. Fair, Con Virginia, Sisters of Charity, Morgan Mill all names that added luster to the richest lode of gold and silver ever discovered in America.

These waybills tell little of the short-line Virginia and Truckee Railroad which broke ground in 1869 and hauled everything and everybody needed for the rich and booming Comstock Lode. The line ran from Reno, Nevada to Virginia City via Carson City, a distance of fifty-two miles, and on the last twenty-one miles from Carson City the tiny wood-burning trains huffed and puffed through a great series of curves and tunnels, climbing 2,000 feet to emerge just below the main street of Virginia City. Running at its peak as many as forty-five trains a day, the road did an immense business transporting ore to quartz mills along the Carson River and carrying back from the valley wood and timber for the mines, quantities of merchandise and machinery, mail, express, and passengers whose place in life ran the gamut from prostitutes to Presidents of the United States. The mines of the Comstock were hopeless gluttons, gobbling up endless forests of pine and, as the sprawling cemetery at Virginia City testifies—forests of young men.

Mormon emigrants passing through the region in 1850 discovered placer gold in the creeks. Other prospectors panned their way up Mount Davidson to where, in 1859, the crude wooden rockers showed great quantities of black silver sulphurets mixed with the free gold. The discovery of silver started a rush to what came to be called the Comstock Lode, and surface mining soon gave way to the complex business of hard-rock extraction of ore at great depth.

The most fascinating waybills in the group concerned the properties known far and wide in mining circles as "Con Virginia," or in its true name of the "California and Consolidated Virginia Mine." The Con Virginia was developed by the big four of the Comstock: James G. Fair, John W. Mackay, James C. Flood, and William S. O'Brien. It was on their holdings that the fabulous block of ore known as "The Big Bonanza" was found.

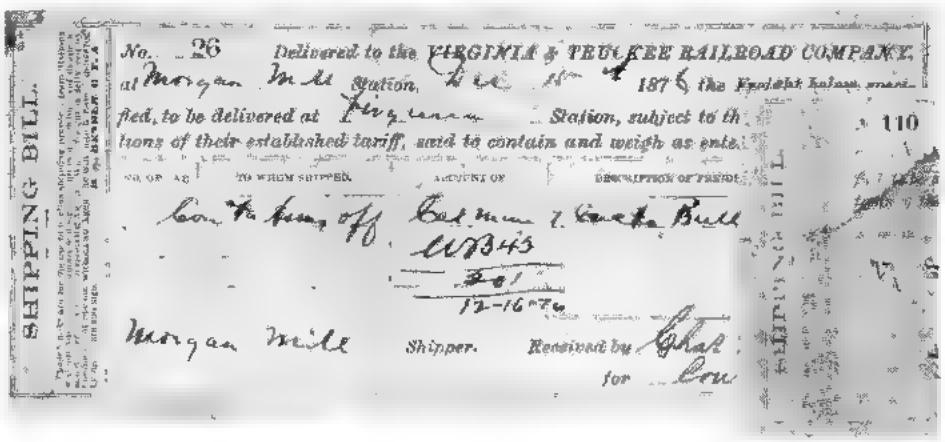
Fair and Mackay were superintendents of other mines and had worked their way up on the Comstock. Both were superb miners, and it was always said that Fair had a fine nose for ore. Gaining stock control of the properties with the help of Flood and O'Brien, the company began extensive drifting in a little explored, and previously ignored, section of the Lode. The tiny promising veins of silver they were following kept their promise, and in October 1873, on the 1,167-foot level, miners cut into the chambers of silver ore which was, in the words of reporter Dan DeQuille, "of such extraordinary and astonishing richness that experts could hardly believe their eyes or assayers their figures."

In the next ten years the Bonanza Mines yielded $112,000,000 in gold and silver, and paid $87,000,000 in dividends to lucky stockholders. Yet by 1883 mine production on the Comstock was in a steep decline, and by the end of the century the Klondike and other discoveries had lured most of the mining population from the area.

The colorful little V. & T. Railroad that had been so much a part of the Comstock survived until it made its final run May 31, 1950. In bankruptcy, unable to compete with trucks and buses, its rolling equipment dispersed and the roadbed in pitiful shape, finally the tough little railroad had to call it quits.

I WAS a boy living in Reno, Nevada during the final years of the V. & T., and I am sure no one rode that railroad more often than I did—always under protest. My father was agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad in Reno, and this position gave his family a free pass on every rail line in Nevada. We owned several old houses in Carson City that needed endless attention; and so for many summers come Saturday, my father would deliver my mother and me at the depot and we would board the V. & T. for the two-hour, jolting spine-twisting thirty-mile run to Carson City. The crew was a carefree trio of old men consisting of an engineer, a fireman, and a conductor who also served as brakeman, baggageman, mail clerk, and fire-stoker for the pot-bellied coal stove in the single passenger car. The only passengers who ever rode the V. & T. were deadheads like us, so he never bothered to check tickets.

The little train would pull out of Reno with a great burst of steam and sound, but it was all show. The line ran through the skid-row section of town and drunks had the habit of sleeping with their heads on one rail



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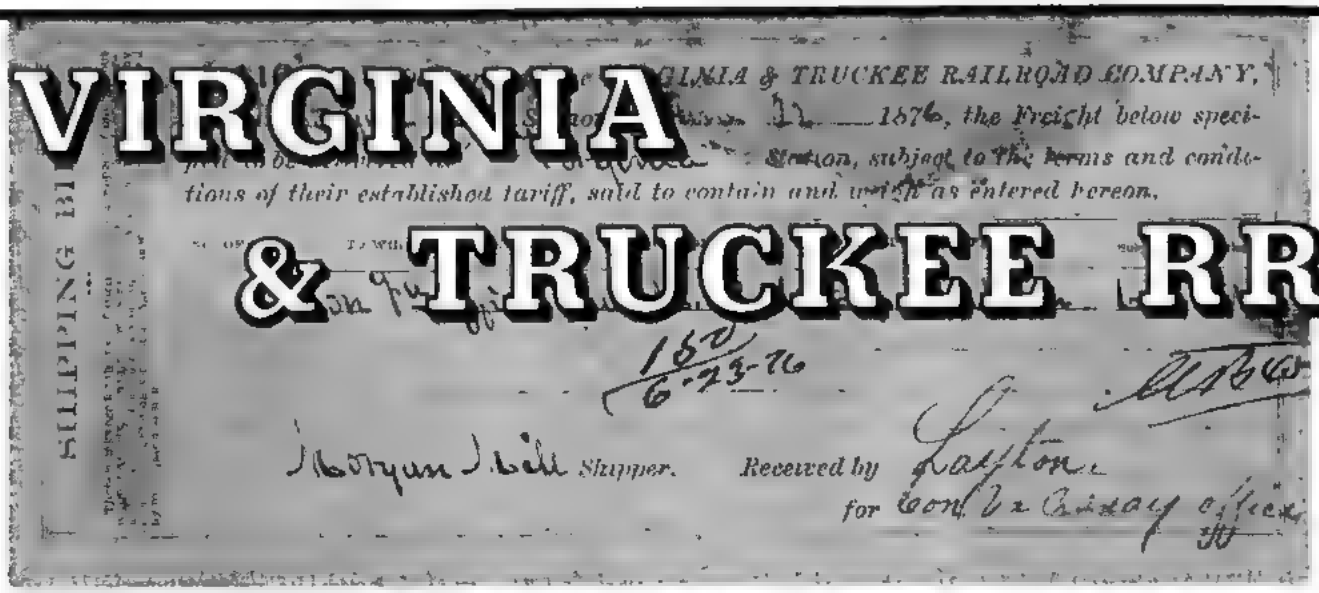
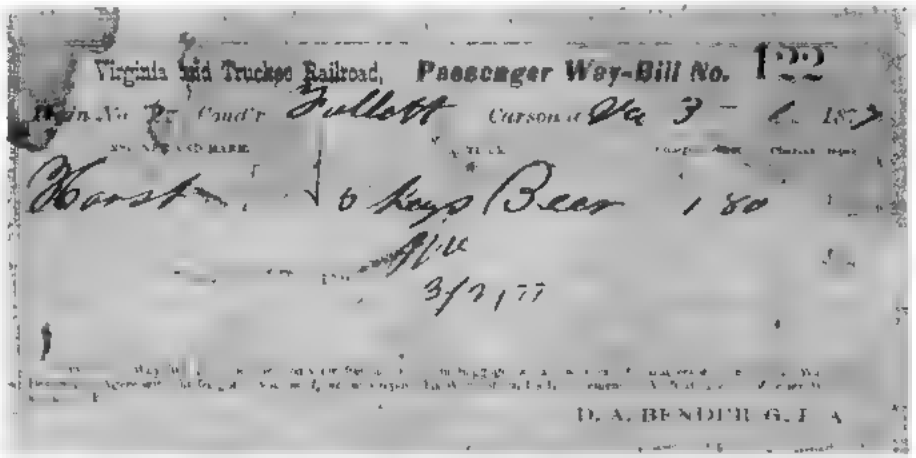
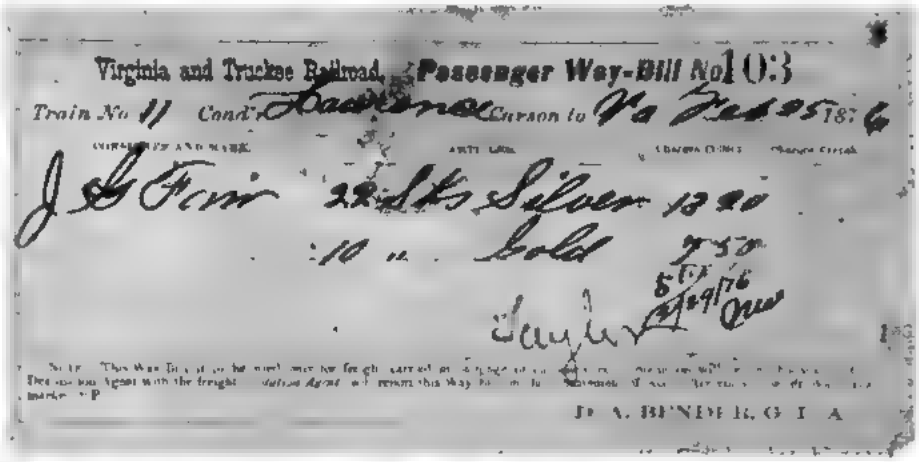

VIRGINIA
& TRUCKEE RR.
SHIPPING BILL
VIRGINIA & TRUCKEE RAILROAD COMPANY,
1876, the Freight below specified
Station, subject to the terms and conditions of their established tariff, said to contain and weigh as entered hereon.
Shipper.
Received by
for

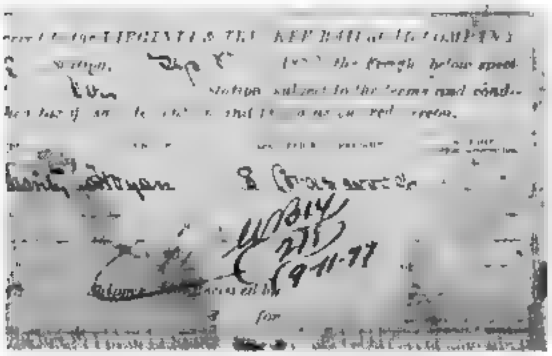
and their feet across the other. These obstacles had to be gently removed from the roadway. Once out of town the train made innumerable scheduled stops to pick up milk cans or drop off mail, and every so often the engine would make an unscheduled stop for no other reason than the conductor wanted to pick himself a bag of watercress for dinner.

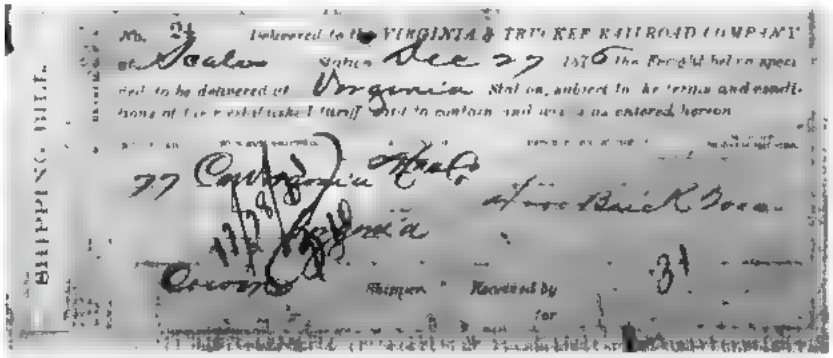
The worst thing that could happen to passengers was to have several cars of cattle or sheep ahead of the baggage and passenger cars. The equipment was so old and worn that the engine couldn't pull the whole load over Lakeview Hill above Carson City, so they always solved the problem by cutting off the passenger and baggage cars and hauling the livestock into town. Passengers would then amuse themselves for an hour or so hunting arrowheads or throwing rocks at lizards, until at last, with ear-shattering blasts on the steam whistle, the engine would return to take us into Carson City.

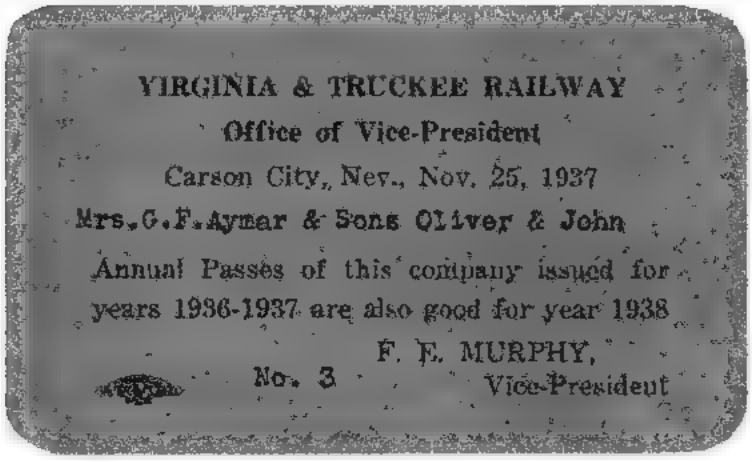
Today, many years later, I can remember those wonderful little trains with a degree of nostalgia, but every time I get sloppy sentimental about them I remember those cold cars, and hard wooden seats, and I manage to control myself.



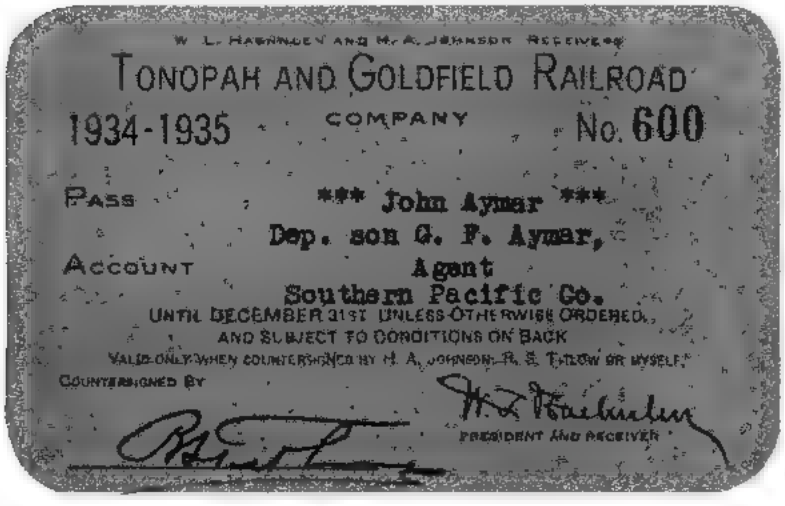


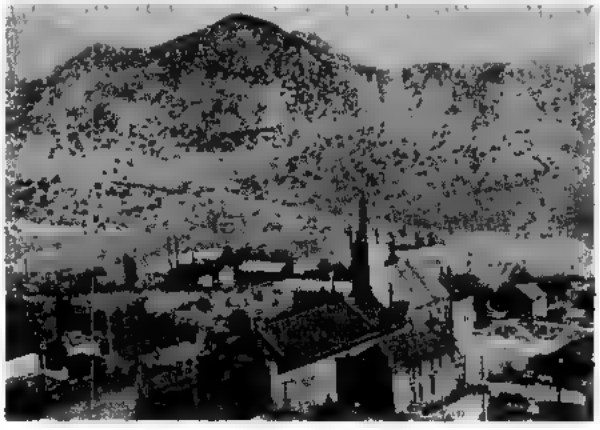



No. 31
Delivered to the VIRGINIA & TRUCKEE RAILROAD COMPANY
at Dec 27 1876 the Freight below specified to be delivered at Virginia Station, subject to the terms and conditions of the established tariff said to contain and weigh as entered hereon
Shipper
Received by
for

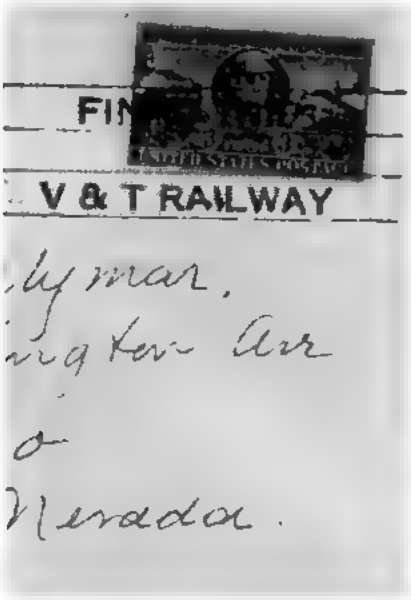

VIRGINIA & TRUCKEE RAILWAY
Office of Vice-President
Carson City, Nev., Nov. 25, 1937
Mrs. G. F. Aymar & Sons Oliver & John
Annual Passes of this company issued for years 1936-1937 are also good for year 1938
F. E. MURPHY,
No. 3
Vice-President

RENO & MINDEN
MAY 31
TR. 1
1950
RPO.
LAST DAY OF MAIL
SERVICE via V & T RY.


W. L. HAGINLEY AND H. A. JOHNSON, RECEIVERS
TONOPAH AND GOLDFIELD RAILROAD COMPANY
1934-1935
No. 600
PASS
*** John Aymar ***
Dep. son G. F. Aymar,
ACCOUNT
Agent
Southern Pacific Co.
UNTIL DECEMBER 31ST UNLESS OTHERWISE ORDERED,
AND SUBJECT TO CONDITIONS ON BACK
VALID ONLY WHEN COUNTERSIGNED BY H. A. JOHNSON, R. S. TILLOW OR MYSELF
COUNTERSIGNED BY
PRESIDENT AND RECEIVER



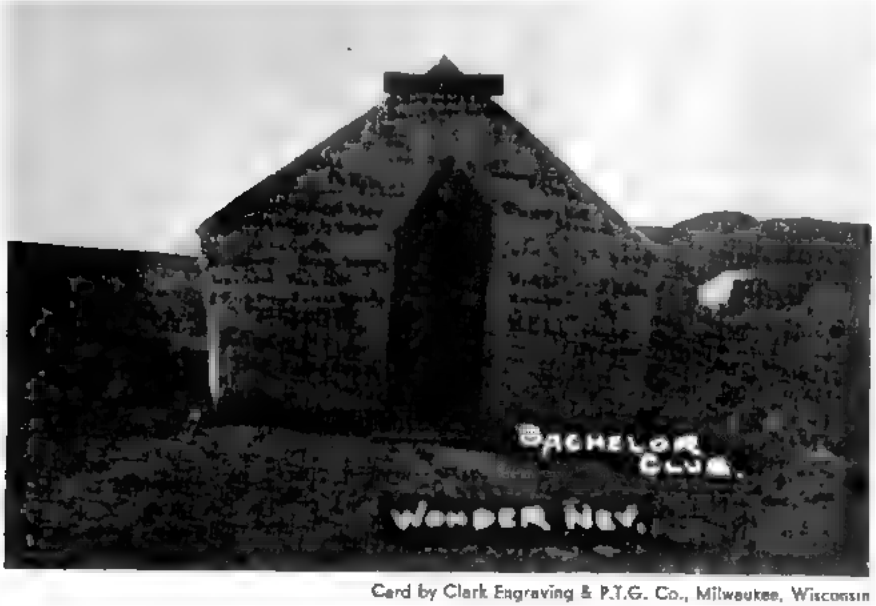
Top left: The V. & T. Depot in Carson City, Nevada. Above: The 21-mile tortuous climb begins here at the Carson River. Bottom center: Virginia City around 1910. Below right: Barrel House in Tonopah, Nevada.



Card by the American News Co., New York

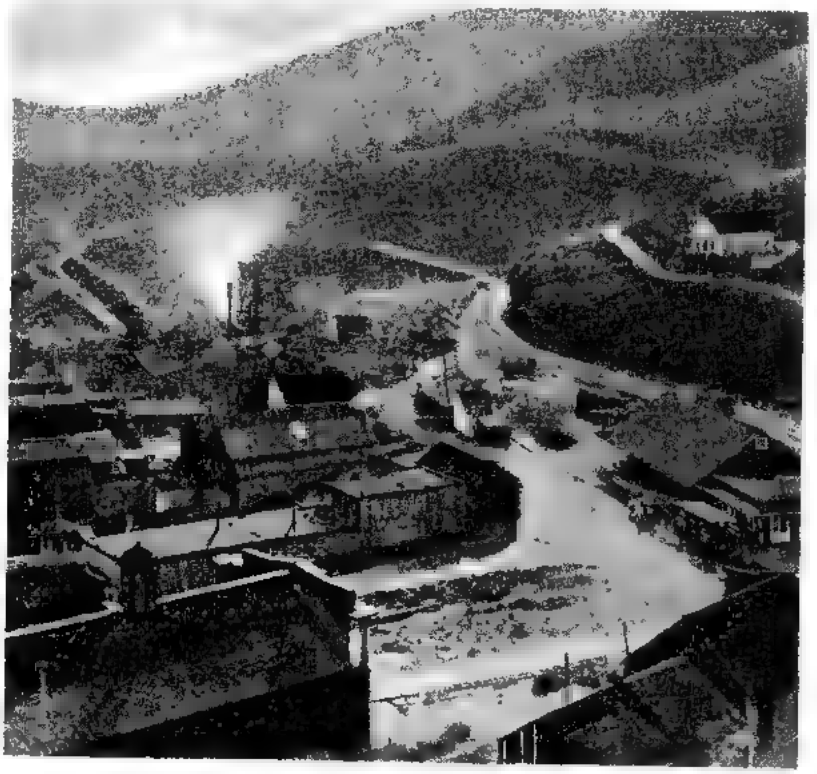
Above: This type of dugout was used in all the mining areas of Nevada where winters are severe. Below: The Bowers Mansion near Carson City, built by Sandy Bowers who was one of the first Comstock millionaires. The mansion is now a popular recreation area. Bottom: Living in the mining camps of Nevada was hard, but the spirit of the miners was always high.

Card by Mike Roberts Productions, Berkeley, California



Card by Clark Engraving & P.T.G. Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Card by Richard Behrendt, San Francisco, California



Above left: V. & T. Railroad-type train with baggage and passenger cars. Above right: Gold Hill, Nevada, slightly south of Virginia City. The tracks and depot of the V. & T. Railroad are in the lower right corner. Below: Prior to the coming of the V. & T., freight and passengers were hauled to and from Virginia City by daring drivers.

NANCY PARKER - a lady backed to the wall

BY JUANITA DANIEL ZACHRY

Photos Courtesy Author

She lived in a joyless time and in a perilous vacuum –the Texas Frontier before the Rangers came . . .

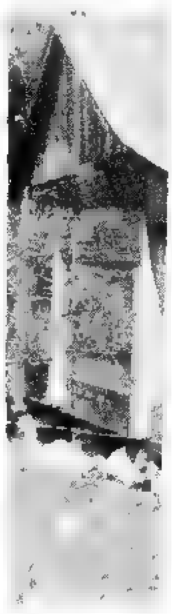
ON a December morning in 1860 Nancy Parker was busy making a dress for Cynthia Ann Parker to wear home from the Indian camp where she was being freed from captivity. Nancy and her husband, John Parker, lived near Birdsville in Tarrant County, Texas. Cynthia Ann was a cousin to John. Nancy was a seamstress and was well known for her neat, handstitched garments.

Isaac Parker, uncle of Cynthia Ann, lived nearby and he had instructed Nancy to make the dress. He would take the dress to the Indian camp personally.

"Make the dress big, Nancy," he said, because all the Parker women are big."

Nancy made the dress as she was instructed—one of the first of many services she would render that would make her, in the truest sense, a woman of the frontier.

Only three years before she had married John Parker, who was from a prominent family. In 1855, two years prior to their marriage, John had become one of the first four commissioners of Parker County. The county had been named for John's family, and Silas Parker, father of Cynthia Ann, Elder John Parker, and



Above: Nancy's cabin in the early 1900s. Right: The cabin after restoration.

PROHIBITED

Nancy Parker with her granddaughter Sallie, left, and the little girl who lived with the family, Belle Young. Taken about 1885.

Benjamin, all had died at Fort Parker in the Indian massacre on May 19, 1836 in which Cynthia Ann had been taken captive.

This terror and nightmare had happened long before Nancy and John had met. The Parkers had come to Texas in 1833 from Cole County, Illinois where John was born. Nancy was born in Tennessee, November 5, 1821 and her parents, John and Nellie Douthitt Rosson, had brought their family of ten children to Anderson County, Texas in 1848. They settled near Birdsville where John Rosson acquired almost 1000 acres of land. Though the first Rossons in America were Irish immigrants and had come to America to escape the tyranny of Irish rule in 1746, they were people of means. They settled first in Pennsylvania, then went on to Virginia in 1730, on to Tennessee, and in 1848 to Texas. John brought with him money and plow tools sufficient to begin life in the new country.

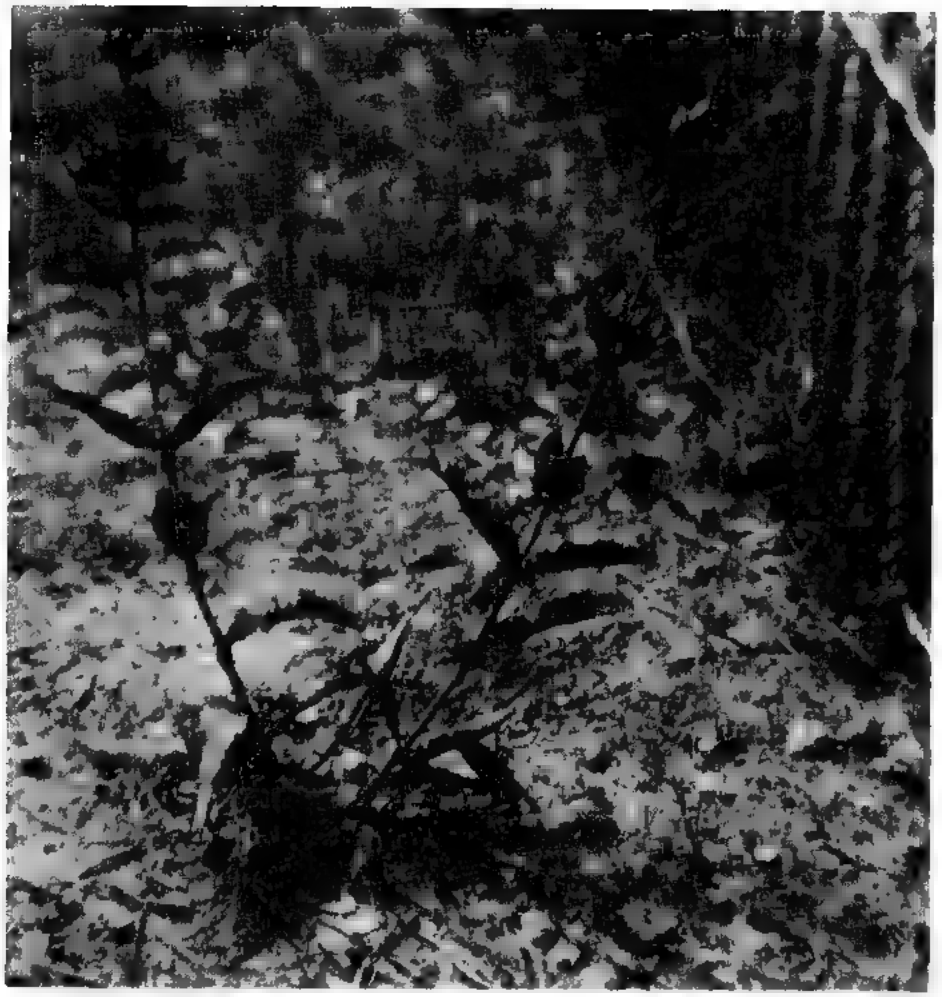
Nancy was twenty-seven when they arrived in Texas, the oldest of ten children and unmarried. Five years later, on October 1, 1857, she and John Parker were married. They settled on land near Birdsville, and their future seemed full of promise. Four children were born to them: Daniel; Queen Elizabeth, called Bettie; Benjamin; and little Nancy.

It was merciful that Nancy Parker did not know what awaited her. Grief and loneliness were about to become her constant companions. The little girl Nancy died; then Nancy's husband died on July 30, 1869. Her brothers and sisters had married and scattered, and both of her parents were deceased. Nancy was alone with three small children on a blackland farm along the Sabine River. In the bottom lands were dozens of hogs which had been owned by her husband, and many head of cattle. Crops stood in the fields unharvested.

Nancy struggled on alone. There was water to haul for household use, and endless trips into the bottom lands to round up stock. Hired help was scarce to harvest the corn and cotton, and Nancy's children were too young to be of much help. Soon the rains came, an incessant downpour. The bog became deeper and Nancy could no longer urge the big team of horses through to look after the livestock. The dreary fall and winter dragged by.

With the coming of spring, Nancy determined to put in a new crop, but 1870 was no different from the year before. Help remained scarce. In desperation she wrote her brother A. J. (Jack) Rosson, who was nine years younger and who had moved west to what is now Runnels County.

Jack wrote back and told her something of the area in which he lived. Fort Chadbourne and Camp Colorado were to the southwest but Indians still ran rampant. Stock was never safe left unguarded. There were few settlers, and white women and children did not ven-



The Balmony plant at its full growth.

ture far from their cabins. At times it was an arid land, he wrote, for rain was infrequent, but he added that there was plenty of wild game, and logs for home building.

After an exchange of several letters, Jack advised Nancy to sell her land and all her possessions and come to West Texas. He and his wife Susan agreed to come for her and escort her wagon.

IT WAS late in 1870 or early in '71 when both wagons arrived at Jack's home, a place known as Tokeen, later called Content. Nancy wished to be independent and wanted land of her own and a home. She pulled her wagon a distance of two miles or more northwest from her brother's dwelling.

A range of rugged mountains overlooked her campsite. No settlers were near. Nancy had free choice of a land made up of cedar brakes, post oaks and mesquites, with a growth of wild trumpet vines massed in tangled thickets. Animals scurried through the woods and Nancy and her children were fearful at first, not knowing if the strange noises were wild game or Indians.

Homesteading was a most difficult way of life, particularly for a woman with three small children, but Nancy refused to impose on her brother. She knew that if she settled on the land and improved it, after twelve months she could make an affidavit of occupancy and claim title.

Nancy made immediate plans for a half dug-out for a home. A few settlers, along with her brother, came to her aid. The hole was dug, the log roof raised, and Nancy and her children again had a home.

She set about adding improvements, clearing a bit of land and building pens for her stock. It was not until November 16, 1873, however, that she made an affidavit of occupancy, certifying that she had lived on the land for at least twelve months. But she did not apply for a patent from the state to validate a claim to the land she had settled. It was to be a costly oversight.

Indian troubles by this time had subsided and for the most part amounted only to thievery of livestock, but settlers still were slow to come to the Texas frontier. Nancy and her children continued to keep close to the dug-out.

The little family welcomed visits from any settlers in the area, but made few calls of their own. Nancy worked very hard and her ability as a seamstress was soon known. Getting cloth wasn't easy, but she could fashion garments for the rugged outdoors, for weddings, or for burial. The settlers learned also that she was a good hand with the sick, always seeming to know what to do.

Nancy remembered the teas her mother had brewed from plants and herbs in her childhood. In the woods near her dug-out she found plants that provided both food and medical help. In the spring the tender poke leaves made an excellent vegetable dish when they were prepared correctly. But Nancy knew that poke was useful also for skin irritations and painful rashes. She boiled the leaves and bottled the tea to be added to bath water to sponge the patient.

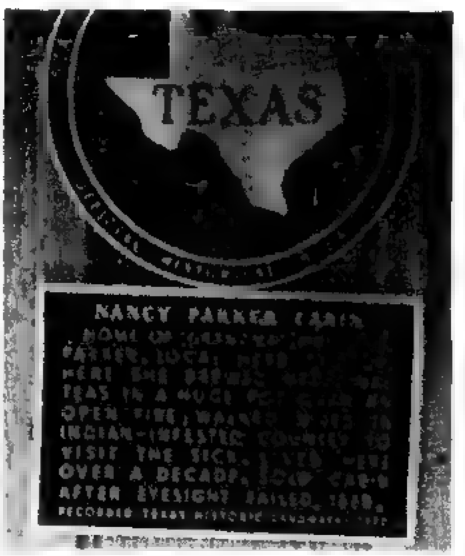
The roots of sprawling redroot weed were boiled and used for diarrhea. The bark of the live oak also was used for this purpose. The outer bark was peeled away and the tender bark brewed to make a tea.

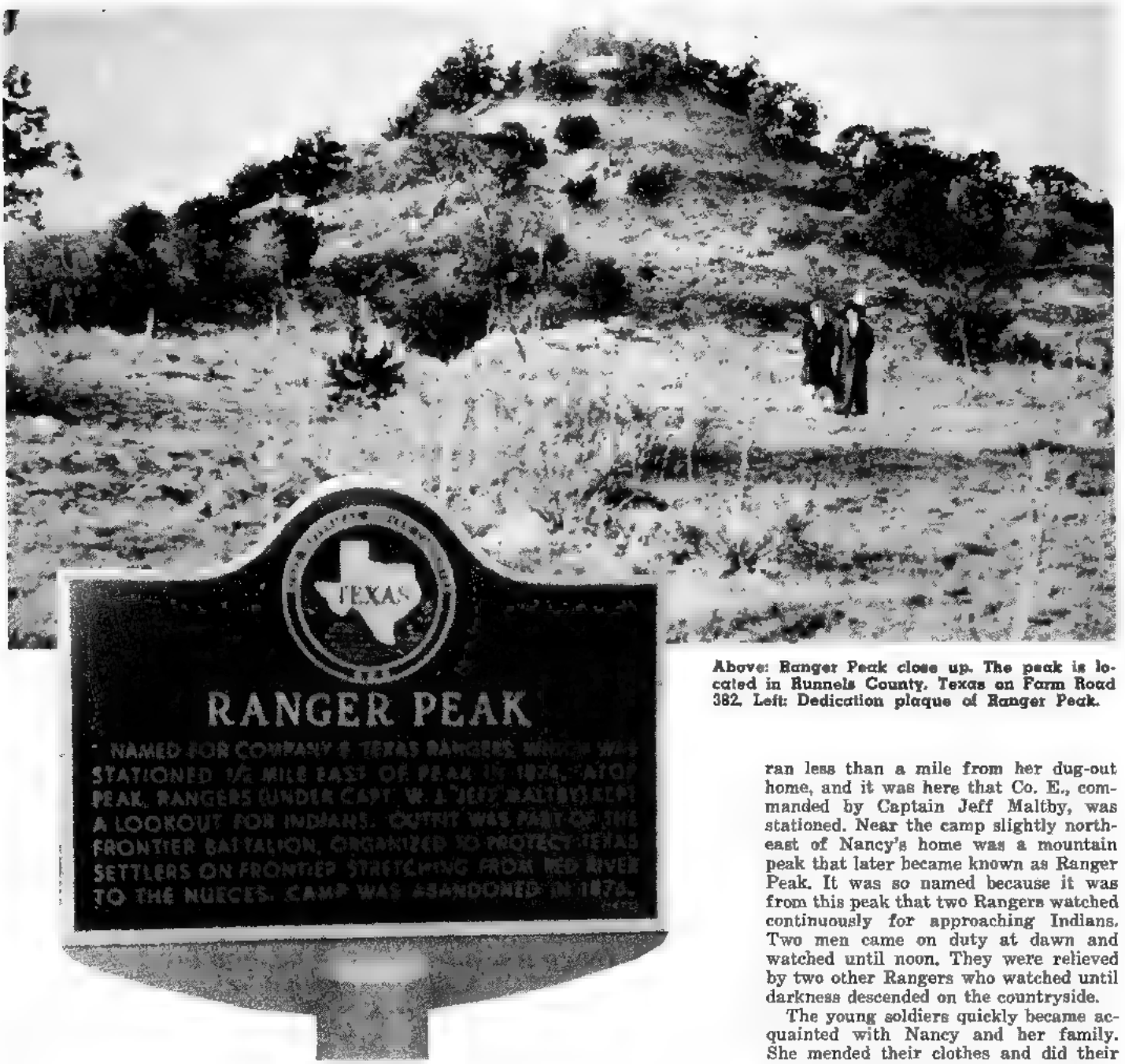
Candy and cough syrup were made from the horehound weed by steeping the plant and adding sugar. Cough syrup was good for severe colds and coughs, and children loved the hard rock candy which resulted when the brew was boiled down low.

Several weeds grew in the area that were good as a purgative. The balmony, a slender green plant, was most potent. Tea from this plant was given in one-half cup doses. Tea from mayapple also was given as a purgative. The mullein plant grew on rocky hillsides. It was an annual and most hardy; growing three to four feet in height, its leaves were covered with a thick, cotton-like moss. These leaves when dried were smoked by asthma sufferers, and were said to bring much relief. Tea was made from them for younger patients. The plant was easily stored for later use, simply by hanging it to dry in a shed or lean-to.

Practically all of the cactus varieties in the area were useful for food or medicine. The pods of the prickly pear were crushed and used as a poultice for drawing out thorns or infection. The thick padded leaves of the houseleek, which has a beautiful lilac-tinted blossom in fall, were also used for infections. However, the method was different. The leaves were broken and the clear, thick juices squeezed out and applied to the

Dedication plaque of the cabin.




TEXAS
RANGER PEAK
NAMED FOR COMPANY E TEXAS RANGERS WHICH WAS
STATIONED 1/2 MILE EAST OF PEAK IN 1874. AT OF
PEAK, RANGERS UNDER CAPT. W. J. "JEFF" MALTBY KEPT
A LOOKOUT FOR INDIANS. OUTFIT WAS PART OF THE
FRONTIER BATTALION, ORGANIZED TO PROTECT TEXAS
SETTLERS ON FRONTIER STRETCHING FROM RED RIVER
TO THE NUECES. CAMP WAS ABANDONED IN 1876.

Above: Ranger Peak close up. The peak is located in Runnels County, Texas on Farm Road 382. Left: Dedication plaque of Ranger Peak.

wound. The aloe, one of the oldest medicinal plants, dating back to Bible days, held juices beneficial to burns.

Nancy's great outside drugstore contained many more plants from which she made home remedies, than are listed here. Exactly which ones she used is not known; undoubtedly she learned much from experimenting. She had a feel for medicine and for the ill. Often one of the scattered homesteaders who knew of her skills came for her. She went quickly and willingly, catching up her cloth bag containing her home remedies. No doctors were in the area known as Content in the early 1870s.

THIS PART of Texas continued to be sparsely populated and Nancy and her children remained virtually without neighbors for several years. A line of military forts had been established in the early 1850s across the state, the nearest being Fort Griffin to the northeast and Fort Chadbourne to the southwest.

After the war the state became interested in seeing the frontier extended and decided to send out Texas Rangers as an added protection for those living there.

In July 1874, Governor Richard Coke dispatched the Frontier Battalion, composed of six companies of Texas Rangers and headed by Major John B. Jones of Corsicana. Seventy-five men were in each company. They were stationed along the western edge of settlement, a stretch of 400 miles extending from the Red River in Wichita County to the Nueces. These troops were to guard this imaginary line and to drive back any Indians who crossed it..

Nancy was fortunate in that the "line" ran less than a mile from her dug-out home, and it was here that Co. E., commanded by Captain Jeff Maltby, was stationed. Near the camp slightly northeast of Nancy's home was a mountain peak that later became known as Ranger Peak. It was so named because it was from this peak that two Rangers watched continuously for approaching Indians. Two men came on duty at dawn and watched until noon. They were relieved by two other Rangers who watched until darkness descended on the countryside.

The young soldiers quickly became acquainted with Nancy and her family. She mended their clothes and did their wash, earning a small amount of money. The Rangers did small chores around the place which needed a man's hand. Relatives of Nancy say that it was at this time that a cabin was built for her by the Rangers and she and the children moved from the dug-out at last.

Huge flat rocks used for the foundation were placed flat on the ground. Giant oak logs, eighteen to twenty-four inches, were then placed on the rocks. Across these were sleepers made from split oak trees. The sleepers not only supported the building but the flat surface which was turned up made the floor of the cabin. These were crudely hewn and the mark of the broad ax (three times larger than an ordinary ax) are clearly visible today. The log walls are oak and are chinked together with lime from a home-made kiln.

The chimney and fire box for the fire-

(Continued on page 46)

Some towns were a lot like the flames that consumed them—they lit up

BURN-OUT OF

BY OLEVIA E. MYERS

Photos Courtesy Author

CHARLIE SHOBE and his wife were celebrating their sixty-second wedding day at Kiefer, Oklahoma when I asked Charlie whatever brought him to the Indian Territory.

"I was thirty-one years old," he answered, "with a wife and four kids and not getting anywhere—fast—back in Spencerville, Ohio. It was the dead of winter when I got to talking to my friend and neighbor, Bob Gaberdiel, who lived right near me.

"It was 26° below zero, and there was fourteen inches of solid ice on the ground with fresh snow falling fast. Our livestock was already thin and rough-coated. Our pocketbooks, like the livestock, were getting thinner by the day. We both knew we were in for real trouble if spring was late in coming. It was 1907 and we were sure worried.

"'Bob,' I told him, 'you remember that feller I worked for last summer over at Spencerville? Well, he told me a man could go to work for the Franchot Oil Company down in the Indian Territory anytime he wanted to. Said they couldn't get enough help in a new oil field called the Glen Pool. He offered me a letter to the boss down there. The wages are tops. As much as $150 a month, he said. I've been thinking of going out there and working until May anyway, as you know we'll be froze up here that long. How about going with me and we'll batch? We could live a lot cheaper that way. This feller says board and room are sky high; a dollar a day!'

"'Well,' old Bob replied, 'I never thought of it, but I *have* been noticing in the papers about the big boom down there. The papers say they are going to make the Indian Territory into a state. Oklahoma—what a name for a state!' he laughed.

"We sat there for a bit then old Bob said, 'Tell you what, Charlie, I'll go home and talk it over with the old woman and I might just take you up.'

"'I've got to do something and do it fast or I'll have to sell off some of my stock at a loss, if this weather holds,' I told him. 'Let me know this afternoon, can you?'

"'I sure will.' he answered.

"I was out doing the feeding that afternoon when he arrived with his missus He was so fired up that he came right on out to the barn. Almost before he got the door shut he shouted, 'Pack your valise, we're Injun Country bound!'

"In high spirits, now that it was settled, he gave a big war whoop, or what passed for one, and I grabbed up an old hand ax that I used for chopping up corn for the cows and swung it about my head as I lunged at him in mock attack. We were like two kids on a holiday.

"AT the house later, though, we were a pretty sober bunch of young folks as we talked over arrangements that would have to be made. Bob's younger brother was to stay with his wife and take care of the livestock for both families. We agreed to pay him fifty cents a day to do this—and, man, was that kid glad to make fifty cents a day! Bob's wife was pleased with the deal for she had half-raised Bob's younger brother and felt almost like he was one of their own kids.

"In just two days we were off. Tulsa—Red Fork—Glen Pool and Kiefer! Who could ever forget what they were like in 1907? I can see it now. Tulsa was a good-sized little town with lots of blanket Indians on its muddy streets. Streets? Dirt roads mostly. Red Fork was a booming, busy place with deep ruts in the unpaved streets—wagons, buggies, saddle ponies were tied up everywhere, especially in front of the little brick bank. That bank was bulging at the seams with money from the flowing gold of oil!

"All over the whole country from Tulsa

D TO UI
DUCTION I

the countryside for a while then lay like a charred stick on the prairie

A BOOM TOWN

toward the Glen Pool, wagons loaded with oilfield supplies were moving or were stuck fast in the mud or deep sands of the Arkansas River bottoms.

"From Tulsa to Kiefer it was dust when the roads were dry; mud—slick, sticky oozy mud— when it rained. Kiefer! Good lands, no one could tell you what Kiefer, Indian Territory was like. I've got an old picture around here that I'll hunt up for you that was made just after statehood. It was made after the first excitement was over, not much traffic but it sure shows the looks of things.

"When we got to Kiefer it seemed that confusion was everywhere, yet the khaki-clad, high booted men who directed things seemed to know just where they were going. The great masses of heavy wagons pulled by teams of ten to twenty mules or horses were going, or trying to go, in every direction. Utter confusion! Steam boilers, rig timbers, pipe, wooden tanks, all sorts of oilfield stuff were lining the muddy streets.

"Old Bob and I were sure out of our element for we had never been anything but farmers. Now, suddenly, here we were smack-dab in the middle of the roughest and toughest oil town in the country. We felt like a couple of hillbillies in Times Square, I guess.

"The people, masses of them, surged back and forth, back and forth, on the dirt sidewalks and board porches fronting little stores which had been thrown up to cater to the needs of the thousands of people who had come here. And all this had been quiet rolling hills and valleys only a few months before! One little store, and a post office tucked away in one corner of it, had served the country fine. Now the little store had been swallowed up in a maze of shacks, mostly two-story affairs with rooms above.

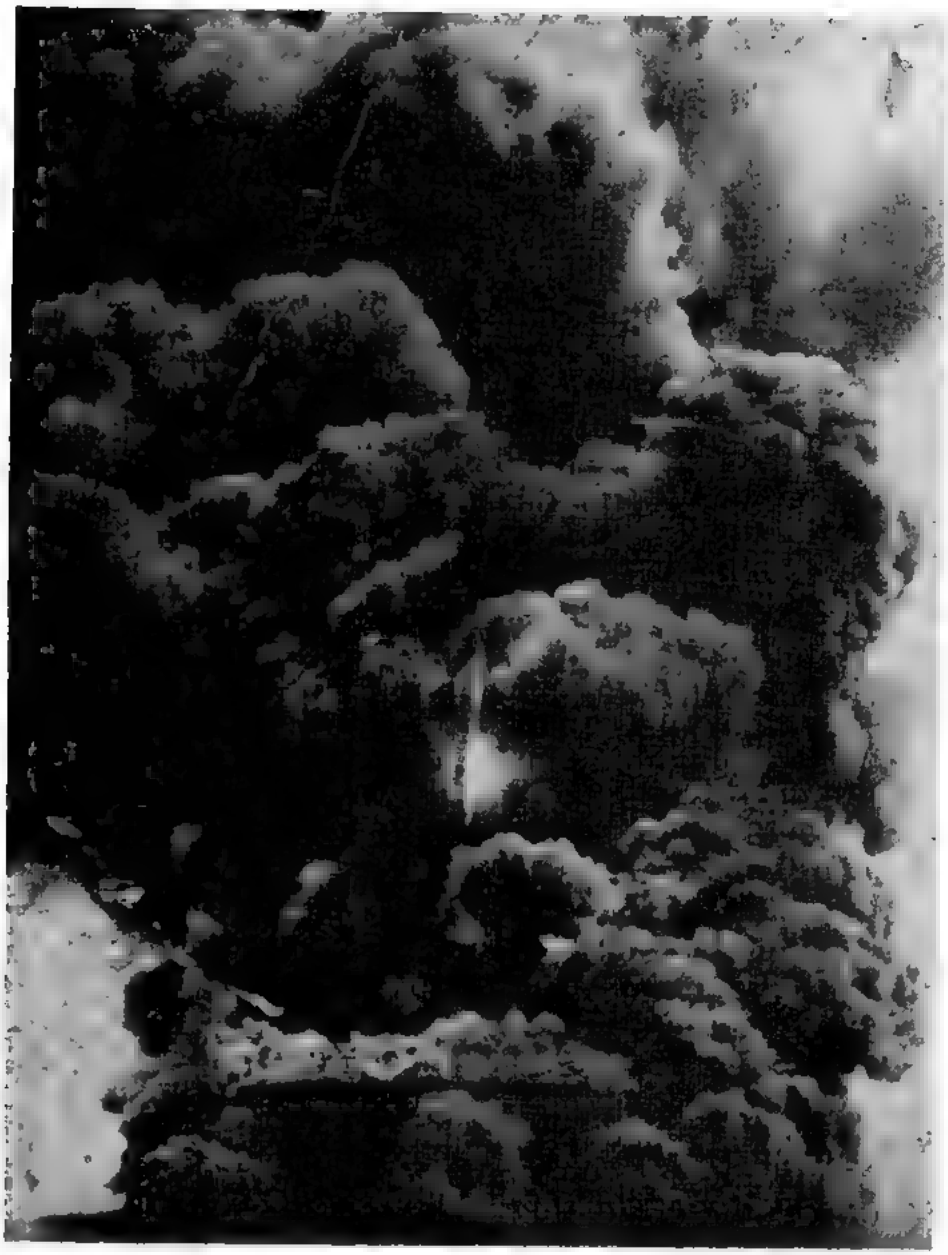
"These shacks had been nailed up in a matter of hours, almost, and were trying hard to serve the oilfield workers, and trying harder to wring from them all they could get from the good wages being paid.

Left: Typical early-day set up. Above: The main street in Kiefer, Oklahoma. Below: Even with twenty mules attached, this wagon bogged down on Kiefer's main street.

"NO ONE greeted us. No one even noticed us. We were just two of the many thousands who arrived daily because they had jobs here or were lured here by high pay like Bob and me.

"After standing on the porch of a small beanery for a few moments, taking in all the color and action before us, Bob said we ought to get a cup of coffee and something to eat.

"The little cafe was jam-packed with men. The counter was full, and men lined the walls waiting for a seat or just to get a sandwich handed to them which



Above: A burning tank at Mounds, Indian Territory, five miles south of Kiefer. Below: Shobe (sitting right) and Gaberdiel (sitting left) in front of their tent in 1907.

they could eat standing up. We joined the 'wall standers' and began asking about the man we had come so far to see. No one had ever heard of him by name but everyone seemed to know where the Franchot Oil Company was. 'Just go out northeast and you'll see the tanks with the Franchot name on them,' we were told. 'Anyone there can tell you where to find the boss.'

"It was getting late by then and we were tired and dirty and needed a bath and shave so we decided to find a place for the night and see the boss the next day after we had cleaned up. Find a place to stay! That easy, huh? Again we showed our ignorance. We walked all over Kiefer asking at every place we saw that had a sign reading 'Rooms.' Each time we were told in a tired voice, 'No rooms. Our rooms are all taken by the week and even if a fellow leaves, he has a dozen buddies waiting to take his place.'

"Long after dark, when we were tired from tramping the muddy streets (which we still thought were better than the icy ones of Ohio), we drifted over to a big tent stretched on a little piece of high ground with a big swampy slough surrounding it. You had to walk across the stagnant slough on planks that had been laid across the water, but you had nice dry ground once you were across.

"That big canvas tent was the sleeping quarters of the Franchot Oil Company. By sheer luck we had wandered into it. We asked for the boss and were told he would be at the eating tent which joined the sleeping tent, the next morning at breakfast.

"In the meantime where were we to sleep? The cots were full. The problem was quickly solved by carrying in some one-by-twelves and putting them on the floor. Some of the men lent us a couple of blankets. With our coats for pillows we slept like babies.

"Breakfast was at five o'clock. The men were on the job by six. A twelve-hour day was usual and fourteen to sixteen hours not at all unusual. If you were needed overtime you worked, and the need came pretty often.

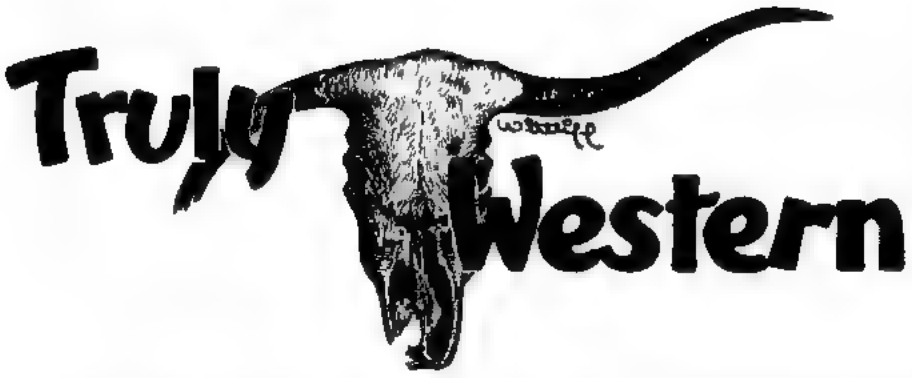
"FIVE O'CLOCK came almost before we got straightened out, it seemed. There was no time for shaving and as for a bath, you got one on week-ends if you were lucky.

"The boss came in before the men had finished eating. Bob and I, still needing a bath and a shave, were hired at once and hustled off to work. None of this 'going to work tomorrow'; you went when you were hired or you didn't go at all.

"That night there had, someway, somehow, been two more sleeping cots set up in the sleeping tent. A blanket and pillow were on each cot. They were neat and clean. We had it made. We had not even asked the wage we were to receive. We had to have work.

"My job was pumping a lease that had thirty wells pouring a great, steady stream of oil into the big old wooden tanks day and night. We had to gauge

(Continued on page 44)



An Old Letter for "Truly Western"

My Great-grandfather, Benjamin Harrison Baird, was killed by a grizzly bear near Grants Pass, Oregon on October 24, 1864. When I was a child I heard my grandfather and father tell about it many times. Just recently I acquired a copy of a letter that was written by my Great-aunt, Nancy Baird Stow, dated November 11, 1864, which brought the sad news.

Dear Cousin:

I suppose you have heard that Papa was dead. On the morning of October 24th, Father started in pursuit of game. He shut one of his dogs in the stable at McMitchells on Grave Creek, and only taking one dog with him, he proceeded about a mile and a half when the dog bayed at three grizzly bears in their beds. Father shot the old one, but only wounding it.

The bear pitched at him. Father ran only about two hundred yards when the bear caught him and knocked his gun out of his hand. Father then got loose and sprung into a limb of a tree.

The bear passed under him, went a short distance down the hill and then stopped to fight the dog.

Father got down out of the tree, got his gun loaded and shot the bear again. The bear now came at him more angrily than before and knocked his gun out of his hand again. Father swung around a bush several times before the bear caught him. Father drew one of his butcher knives and stabbed the bear in the belly. The bear struck him several times and knocked the knife out of his hand. He then drew the other knife, but the bear bit him through the hand and he dropped the knife.

The bear then got him down and bit him in the hollow in the left side so deeply that when Father breathed you could feel the breath come out of his side. It tore out his right eye and all the right side of his face. It bit several large holes in his right side and bit him terribly all over, down to his boots. All this time the dog, Rover, had been biting the bear. Now the bear turned to fight Rover, and the bear and dog rolled down the hill together, fighting all the way.

Father, suffering and bleeding terribly, gathered up his gun and knives and started for McMitchell's cabin. He was almost there when a man met him, took his gun and carried it for him and helped him into the cabin.

Somebody went to get Mother. It was about 18 miles over a rough hilly road and before Mother got there, Father had died. He was in his right mind till his last breath.

After he quit talking he only breathed but two or three times; he died about 9 o'clock in the evening of the day he started hunting. He is buried about a half mile from home.

Your cousin
Nancy Stow

I have a picture of his tombstone stating: "B. H. Baird Born Jan. 1-1809 Killed by a Grizzly Bear Oct. 24, 1864." –Verna Baird Dolezal, Box 7, Mead, Washington 99021

WP Index

I have been reading TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES since about 1958 and have most of the copies. Now that I am retired I am going through my magazines and compiling an index on various subjects such as outlaws, lost mines, etc. Does anyone know if such an index has been made? I do not want to duplicate anything that has been done. I would like to hear from interested readers and to have their suggestions and comments regarding indexing and subject matter. I will answer all correspondence.—R. C. Bentley, Route 2, Box 61-F, Prairie Grove, Arkansas 72753

We have a good Index through 1960. After that it's hit or miss but we're adding to it when we can.

J. E. Tompkins

We're very sorry to announce that another of our authors from way back has died. The first-hand accounts he wrote in such an easy unaffected way never failed to bring in the letters. Therefore we feel that many of you will recall some of these articles: "Come Hard, Go Easy Country"; "How To Tame A Town"; "A Long Talk With Chuckawalla Wilson"; "Shoestring Operation on the Flats"; and "Fruit Tramps."

Mr. Tompkin's wife still keeps in touch with us. She's now living in California.

A Miner Remembers

I have been a reader of your magazines since the first publication and have most of them. I enjoyed the article about the Lost Barkley Mine in the December 1975 issue. Little Valley was my favorite hunting ground for deer and grouse, and I got several nice deer from the area. It was heavily brushed with manzanita four to six feet high many acres in area. It would be very hard to prospect for gold and lodes but I sure hope some lucky persons find that lost lode there and that it can be mined.

I worked the Comstock Lode, Virginia City, Gold Hill, and Silver City, Nevada as a hard rock miner. I lived in the old shack town of Mound House, about five miles east of Carson City from 1937-1942. The V. & T. Railroad still ran to Gold Hill and they hauled water to us and left the tank car on a siding at Mound House. They supplied us with a fresh car each week and after they tore out the track we got water piped down from distant mountains by cattle and sheep men of the area.

I saw the last train run from Carson City to Gold Hill, and two of my daughters were born in the old section house at Mound House. The old buildings are all gone now. There is no evidence of a town and everything has gone back to sagebrush.

I grew up on a ranch in northwestern Nebraska, being a ranch hand and a cowboy. I also worked on the railroad in the Black Hills of South Dakota, hunted pearls in the Midwest, placer mined for gold in South Dakota and Nevada, worked as a hard rock miner in Nevada and Idaho, a steam engineer in a milk plant in Oregon, and was head custodian of a school. I retired in 1972.

I have enjoyed all your true stories of the West as it was being settled and explored.—Lloyd Walters, 321 South 10th Corvallis, Oregon 97330

Lloyd, we hope you enjoy the V. and T. story in this issue.

Circus Days

While reading the article, "The Orton Circus," in the February 1976 issue, I noticed the Nickel Plate Circus mentioned. Being a retired railroad agent and a collector of railroad memorabilia I have an original copy of a special rate quoted by the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad which was a forerunner of the Great Northern Railroad. It is dated August 29, 1885 to the Nickel Plate Circus, quoting a rate of $90.00 for the movement of nine cars consisting of two coaches, one stock car, two boxcars and four flat cars from Ada, Minnesota to Long Prairie, Minnesota on September 12, 1885; and a rate of $90.00 for a movement from Long Prairie, Minnesota to Pelican Rapids, Minnesota. This gives one an idea of the cost involved.

I enjoy your magazines very much.—V. E. Johnson, Box 1, Browerville, Minnesota 56438

Trouper Remembers Tusko

I found Don Buchan's story on the Orton Circus very interesting as I trouped on the Al G. Barnes Circus in 1920 and '27, '28 and '29. I played trombone in the big show band.

I remember Tusko, the elephant, very well. He was an outlaw. Man made him that way. The story goes that Al G. bought him from a small mud show (wagons) where he was treated with love and kindness. When he was put in the menagerie of the big show he was chained and pegged down and he resented that

(Continued on page 51)

LICENSED TO UNI...
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "mystery" discoverer of the Vulture

R.I.P. HENRY WICKENBURG

Photo Courtesy Dorothy Coon, Librarian, Wickenburg Municipal Library

BY CAROLYN GOFF

Photos Courtesy Author
All are Glenn Alessi Productions

REST IN PEACE, Henry Wickenburg. Your headstone bears an incorrect birthdate of 1820; no flowers decorate the concrete sarcophagus; but the sun shines on your grave and prickly pear cacti and palo verde flourish around the neatly tended knoll where you lie.

It was in 1863 that the 44-year-old German discovered gold ore at the site of what is known as the Vulture Mine. That gold mine, one of the richest ever worked in Arizona, was a factor in the initial development of the town of Wickenburg and, subsequently, the state.

A year earlier, 1862, Henry Wickenburg—prospecting—had traveled across the deserts from California to the Hassayampa River Valley, Territory of Arizona. His provisions were growing short. He farmed gardens abandoned by Apaches to supplement his food supply. Finally he came upon gold twelve miles from the river bed. Anecdotes regarding his discovery are many and quaint. But rest in peace, Henry Wickenburg, for in this story no yarns are spun.

Several years ago my family and I journeyed from Gross-Umstadt, a small German town bordering the Odenwald near Frankfurt, to settle in Wickenburg, fifty-five miles northwest of Phoenix. We were especially curious about Henry Wickenburg, our new home's namesake,

Mine isn't a mystery anymore ...

For left: Henry Wickenburg, 1880, from a Prescott newspaper clipping. Left: Henry Wickenburg's birthplace showing the neighboring field from a map of Holsterhausen taken from the book, *Essen-Holsterhausen in Olden Times* by Paul Abel of Germany. Above: Political map published in Frankfurt am Main, Germany, showing Holsterhausen and its proximity to the Essen industrial complex.

and we wanted to describe the town's history to friends in Germany.

Among questions which came to mind about Wickenburg were: Why did he venture this far West? Why, in the first place, did he emigrate to America? What was his life-style before he came here?

HENRY WICKENBURG had fled Germany, shipped out of New York as a fireman on a freighter around Cape Horn soon after landing in America, and headed for California. News of the Gold Rush had traveled fast. Wickenburg had a knowledge of mining. In California he reportedly worked at the Ophir Mine near Auburn, and also helped dig the first artesian well at Fresno, California before following the paths of goldseekers to the frontier country of Arizona. He decided to join, or perhaps to trail, prospector Pauline Weaver, an Anglo-Indian scout who was leading a group into the Territory.

On the baptismal certificate of Wickenburg's mother in the files of the Wickenburg Municipal Library it was noted that Bernarda Wickenburg was born in the town of Holsterhausen, Essen, Germany. A letter of inquiry was addressed to City Hall, Essen, Province of Westphalia, requesting information about this German, Henry Wickenburg, the town of Holsterhausen, and his family.

Henry was born in Holsterhausen on November 21, 1819 according to his baptismal record. That document is now on file at the Wickenburg Library. Chief archivist of the city of Essen, Herr Doctor Schroeter, in turn had asked for similar photocopies for us from the secretary of Muenster Church in Essen, formerly St. Johann's Roman Catholic Church.

As a cross reference another note was directed to a man who had written Town Hall in Wickenburg about three years ago. This person, Herr Eugen Kraemer, claimed to be related to Henry Wickenburg three generations past on Henry Wickenburg's mother's side. It was Herr Kraemer who forwarded to America the first certificate viewed in the local library. His address is in the Black Forest region of Germany, the Schwarzwald.

Herr Kraemer further explained that church records would be our most accurate source for documents. He hired a researcher in the city of Essen for us, specifically to seek out the siblings of Henry Wickenburg. Caroline Nolte of Essen researched the St. Johann Church records as did Essen's chief archivist. The records coincided.

Henry Wickenburg's birthplace, Holsterhausen, is a small town near the industrial city of Essen. It may still be found on some German road maps. The village is traversed by a well-traveled Autobahn or highway, and the area surrounding it is devoted mostly to farming but there also are mineral deposits to be found. Essen is the coal-mining region of West Germany.

Because of this mineral—coal—Henry Wickenburg left Germany. He was a fugitive from governmental authorities who forbade mining unless governmental coffers were reimbursed accordingly.

Wickenburg's Holsterhausen farm comprised 66 Morgen or 45 acres. At that time, for some sixty years, a locksmith and a smithy had worked on those premises. Today a cooperative grocer's store, a supermarket-type shop, of the Krupp firm of the famed Krupp Steel conglomerate, has replaced them.

Folks in Holsterhausen recalled that during Henry's lifetime the Wickenburgs' farm was the scene of a tragedy. In the neighboring town of Frohnhausen, as in Holsterhausen, rich veins of coal were worked daily, as they had been for centuries.

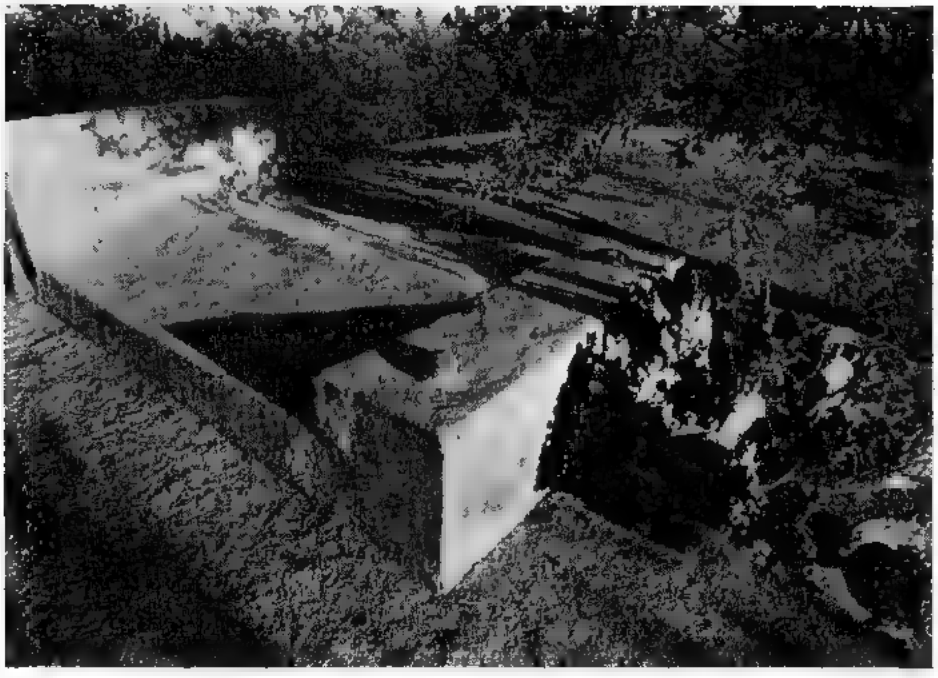
Mining regulations forbade the land owner on whose land the coal appeared to mine his own land. Farmers disobeyed this law, considering it an encroachment on their owners' rights. They based their stand on the premise that if the red earth belonged to them, then the sandstone in the quarries also was theirs, and additionally, the black earth or coal was their property, too.

THE Wickenburg brothers' barn bridged a vein of coal. At night when all supposedly slept, the Wickenburgs were busy mining. They were miners as well as farmers; for years untold their forefathers had mined the black earth.

A familiar German label, quite uncomplimentary, "kohlputz" or coal grubber, was given people who surreptitiously mined. The term did not deter the Wickenburgs or many other farmers. Rarely would mine cave-ins bring a slow-down. Night after night coal was mined and brought out by day.

Buyers for the "stolen" coal were contacted beforehand. There never seemed to be a shortage after the government heard rumors of the mountain of coal under Wickenburg's barn. Authorities surprised the brothers one day.

Though a judgment in the courts followed, they were never really prosecuted. The two wrong-doers, miners of a hundreds-of-years' old tradition, just disappeared. No one in Holsterhausen—even best friends of the brothers— knew their whereabouts.



Henry Wickenburg's concrete sarcophagus.

Some years later the burghers learned that one brother had emigrated to America—our Henry Wickenburg—but the other brother apparently had vanished.

Meanwhile, back in Holsterhausen, after years had passed, the mining project continued. In 1835 in the formerly-mined Wickenburg excavation, the first floor of a deep shaft was dug just under Gemarken Street neighboring Wickenburg Street. There was an overhang to protect against a cave-in. The hole had been overgrown with gorse, an indigenous shrub. A candle stub which had served as a miner's lamp was found inside the coal vein. Miners also discovered a man's skeleton lying there.

It was believed then that the puzzling disappearance of the Wickenburg brother had been solved. The skeleton apparently was determined to be his, and the remains were buried with miner's honors. Cause of death—whether suicide or not—was not questioned and was not, according to the record, further discussed.

The last person to live at the Wickenburg farm, reportedly was a Mister Pohlburger, oldest member of the Musebrinck family, relatives of the Wickenburgs. He was said to have possessed a remarkable memory and also was rumored to have fashionable daughters.

The land was registered as belonging to "Wickenburg's Guth"—Wickenburg's properties or estate. The house stood on Gemarken Street at the corner of Carmer and Simon Streets. The area is located where Philip Siessman Rasche had sold a portion of the original farmyard to the Krupp firm for the aforementioned store.

IN history concerning the Holsterhausen countryside we have learned that today's western Essen used to encompass the three farm counties of Altendorf, Frohnhausen, and Holsterhausen. That group was known as the "Triple Farm County Quarter." Today these same counties comprise a sea of houses surrounded by fields and hidden behind bushes and hedges. The name, "Holsterhausen," implies "houses sitting in the lap of the forest."

The Wickenburg farm had been established around 1480 when yearly tributes of four marks were being paid to the Catholic Church. Wickenborg or Wickenburg was the farmer or manager of the land so leased. A branch of the Wickenburg farm, Thiesburger Kotten, also was farmed. Thies Wickenburg was clanfather of the family Thiesburger. The name Thiesburger went through the following changes: from Matthias op der Wickenburg to Mattheiss or Mattiess op der Wickenborg; then Theiss or Thiess op der Wickenborg; after that Theiss or Thiess op der Borg or Thiesburger; and finally, Thiesborg.

Often over the centuries, large landowners were forced to apportion their forests and grass plains among the farmers. Sons who stayed on as farmhands on the parents' farm found a chance to own part of their own household as tenant farmers. They cultivated the assigned land, built little houses, and supplemented their farm incomes in a trade or in mining. These tenants (in German: "kotter") sometimes bought additional land sections and expanded the sizes of their farms. A "kotten" was equivalent to six and two-thirds acres.

Around 1600 a Wickenburg ancestor, Phillip op der Wicken-Burg (also Phillipsburg or Phillipsenburg), managed the farmplace of the former Ehrenzell Main Farm ("Oberhof" in German). The farm then proceeded to shrink from its former size to a kotten.

At one time the real estate of Ehrenzell extended to the city walls of Essen and right on up to Essen castlegrounds. Tenanting or leasing to townspeople commenced about 1300. Ehrenzell Farm no longer was in charge of overall farm administration because the abbey (or church control of state) had eliminated that permission. Tributes to the main farm were not exacted from the tenant farmers but paid directly to the administration. This procedure would seem to us a beginning of separation of church and state in Germany though the time preceded Martin Luther and the Reformation.

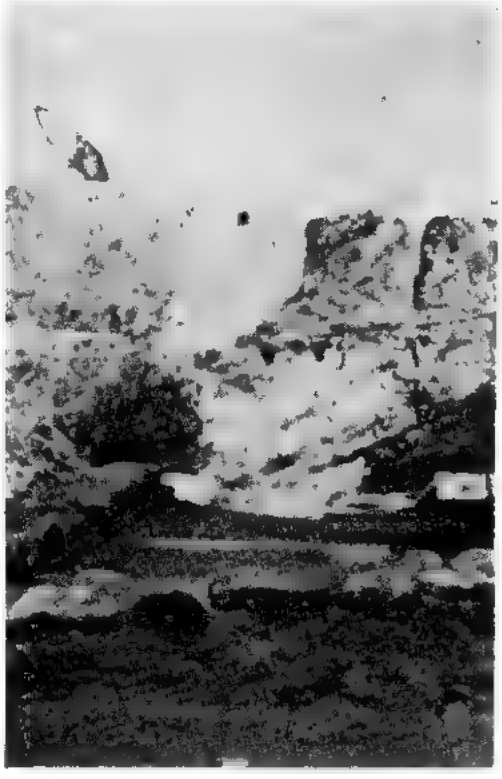
Today a visitor to the ruins of old Holsterhausen would expect to see a countryside of 100 years ago with a farmer walking behind the plow. Ruins of long rows of houses formerly on the site are now overgrown by grass, willows, and bushes. One can imagine how Wickenburg's Holsterhausen looked so long ago.

According to Herr Kraemer, no actual birth certificates of Wickenburg and his family are available. In Wickenburg's day an infant was considered free from original sin only after he was baptized. Baptism took place within a two-week period following birth.

A photocopy translated from the Latin of a church record book indicates Johannes Henricus Wickenburg was born November 21, 1819; son of a Holsterhausen farmer and his wife, Bernadina née Lange, also of Holsterhausen. He was baptized in what was then called St. Johann's Church two days following his birth. This was the same church—though the church is now known as Muenster Church—where all of his brothers and sisters were baptized. The church still stands in Essen.

The church secretary forwarded photo-

Two views (right and below) of Henry Wickenburg's home at Vulture Gold Mine, 12 miles south of the town of Wickenburg.



copies of the baptism of both parents and their marriage certificate. They were married three years prior to Henry Wickenburg's birth. An older sister, Anna Maria, was born a year after the union. Henry Wickenburg had two brothers and two sisters. There is also a wedding certificate of the marriage of the older sister to a Johannes Musebrinck.

The Musebrinck name may be seen on maps of old Holsterhausen. Other Holsterhausen family names are noted among godparents' names listed on the baptismal certificates. Another document received was a family tree of nieces and nephews—children of his older sister.

REPORTS by which we may determine what kind of man Henry Wickenburg was, are references attesting to his bravery. In the May 7, 1870 edition of the *Arizona Miner*, a Prescott newspaper, it was written that when Henry Wickenburg was summoned to serve as a juror in that town—some sixty miles distant from where he lived—he traveled alone; this, when marauding Apaches could easily murder a single rider for his horse or supplies.

Charles E. Genung—in an unpublished manuscript now in the State Archives at Phoenix, wrote in a letter dated January 5, 1913 that Wickenburg had trailed a party of explorers from La Paz and overtook them in Peeples Valley which lies northwest of the present town of Wickenburg, after having traveled that two hundred miles alone through Apache country. So whether he had started east with Pauline Weaver or not, is not definite. On the other hand, the Genung letter was written eight years after Wickenburg's death, and man's memory can sometimes be faulty. Facts concerning the circumstances under which Henry Wickenburg reached the town which bears his name are as contradictory as other stories concerning his life.

None of the early stories of the discovery of the Vulture Mine tells of Wickenburg picking up a rock to throw at his burro and finding it to be gold ore. He may or may not have been alone at the time he discovered the gold-bearing quartz ledge in October 1863.

There are some accounts stating Wickenburg's two companions, Major Van Bibber and Theodore Green(e) Rusk soon left the mine presumably for supplies and did not return for some months. Another version is that Henry Wickenburg denied partnership with the two men. A further story from James Moore is that Henry Wickenburg was alone for six months after the departure of the two men until this James Moore of Peeples Valley joined him. It is written that it was Moore who gave the town its name. In correspondence with Governor Goodwin he dated his letters from "Wickenburg Ranch" and later from "Wickenburg." Though the town of Wickenburg was surveyed in 1868 by Robert Groom, no plat was filed.

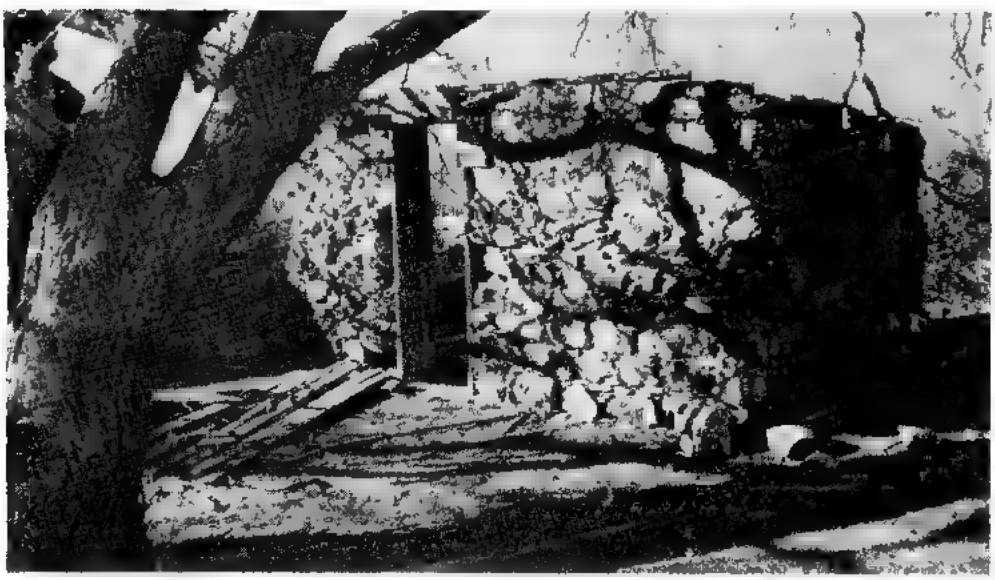
With an extensive—almost inherent—mining background then, it is not surprising to us anymore why Wickenburg gravitated to Arizona Territory. Though Wickenburg found the Vulture Mine which has reportedly produced some $30 to $50 million in gold, he himself did not have the resources to extract the gold and so sold the mine—or was swindled out of it, as some reports state.

In 1866, four years after he had found it, the Vulture was bought by a New York company. Then Wickenburg became the "compleat" farmer, making himself a comfortable enough life for a bachelor of those times. Even today, most house plots in Germany have their own little gardens in which enough is raised to supplement a family's food budget. It is, therefore, no wonder to us that Wickenburg did well as a farmer.

He grew apples and peaches, barley, wheat and grapes. He also supplied goat milk to the town. His Hassayampa River farm was fertile until 1890 when Walnut Grove Dam broke and the floodwaters deposited sand and rock over the acreage. Up to this point he seems to have been able to sustain himself though his savings dwindled. How he lived after the dam burst and ruined his farm, until his death fifteen years later, may be partially revealed by a recorded real estate deal—a mortgage dated April 11, 1895. In this document Henry Wickenburg, "a single man," borrowed $500 from Henry Althoff using land as security. The debt was paid May 21, 1896, a year later.

The land patent had been applied for in 1879 and recorded in 1889. In Certificate Number 127 that land body included "the east half of the northwest quarter and all of the west half of the northeast quarter, also east half of the northwest quarter of Section 12 Township 7 N of R 5W"—or a 160-acre plot of land which today is a fair-sized portion of downtown Wickenburg near the Hassayampa Bridge.

(Continued on page 54)



SOUL SAVING

BY VERNA LINBURG

Photos Courtesy Author

IN his early years my father, Thomas Elijah McKenzie, was a saddlebag preacher. Something about frontiers always appealed to him. Born in 1876 in Tennessee, the only child of his father's second marriage, he grew up a lonely little boy, since both parents died before his third birthday. Upon their deaths he went to live with his grandparents.

Papa was of Scottish descent. He was tall, dark, and not a talkative man except when he spoke from the pulpit.

When his grandparents died he went to live with a half brother who lived in the Indian Territory. The brother, who had married an Indian woman, was a blacksmith. Papa clerked in a store, taught a small school (since teachers did not need certificates), and ran a pool hall where he slept on a pool table. But none of these jobs was to his liking.

Before he was twenty-one he saddled his horse, put a few belongings and his Bible into a saddlebag and set out to preach in isolated schoolhouses. He wrapped his long legs about the pommel

The circuit rider is not altogether an unsung hero —but what about his family? A few kind words for those folks are in order!

of his saddle and forded swollen streams. If he preached at a settlement on a Saturday, all business houses closed, so eager were people to hear the "Word."

Following his marriage to Sarah Montgomery, a pretty Irish girl, the two set out on a fifty-year journey which would take them to isolated areas in Oklahoma, Texas, and Arkansas. Papa's first year's salary was $200. "But we never lacked for a thing," he said. No one had any money, but they brought a load of hay for the cow, a bushel of potatoes, sausage. It was a time of sharing.

I grew up in small towns with muddy or dusty main streets. There were board sidewalks, faded railroad stations, frame church buildings, saloons. Like a tourist we saw many towns but never really knew any, for Papa was a victim of wanderlust. Mama planted rosebushes but she seldom saw them bloom. We became a here-today-gone-tomorrow family.

"I see your daddy is studyin' the map," Mama would sigh. "Guess we'll be movin' again. . . ." Frontiers did not call to Mama.

Papa would reply, "I'd rather go when folks beg me to stay, than to stay when they wish I'd go."

SO that's the way it was. For me the mists of time have blurred details of many communities. Like Mama's rosebushes, my friendships never had a chance to bloom before I was uprooted and transplanted into another town. Letters followed, but time and distance always severed the slender roots of friendship.

There are a few landscapes and times, however, that stand out crystal clear. Two are Tahoka, Texas and Little Rock, Arkansas. I remember Tahoka primarily because it was so hard to reach, being ninety miles from any railroad at that time. I remember Little Rock as a green oasis of sweet-gum trees, magnolias and pines, a second Garden of Eden with luscious fruits and flowers.

Cordell, Oklahoma in my memory is a pretty lacy leghorn hat, the crown surrounded by green fern and big red poppies. Why do I think of Cordell as a lovely hat? Because Mama worked in a millinery shop there as a trimmer.

There was a time when everyone knew what a trimmer was. No, a trimmer was not a piece of machinery to edge the lawn. Lawns in those days were devoid of grass; they needed no trimming. Front yards were bare ground with walks and

(Continued on page 60)

Left: In Cordell, Oklahoma the author's mother worked in a millinery shop as a trimmer. Below left: Waco, Texas in 1903. Below: Martindale, Texas in 1905.

Wild Old Days!

Photo Courtesy Author

OLD SUGAR

By Sarah Marimon Coe

NO ONE at the Whiterocks Agency knew why she was called Old Sugar. She was old all right, but she was not sugar. She was one of the meanest women on the reservation. She was so fierce even the other Indians were afraid of her.

She was short, stooped, and her face was deeply lined. Her grey streaked hair, parted in the middle and hanging loose, was whacked off about shoulder-length. She walked with a stick. An old plaid shawl was pinned across her withered breasts with an enormous safety pin and somewhere beneath that shawl, perhaps thrust under her heavy leather belt, was a long knife. I know it was there, because I saw it a number of times. I was a small child but the memory is vivid.

She could move very quietly on her moccasined feet, and once I broke into a run when I turned and saw her close behind me. She did not notice me, her eyesight was not very good, but I got away from her as quickly as possible.

Above: Old Sugar at the Bear Dance in the spring of 1905. Below left: Women cooking up the Bear Dance feast. Below right: Another view of the feast.

Photo Courtesy Author

She hated white people, and I do not think she liked Indians too well either.

She liked to sit on the boardwalk in front of my father's trading post. Sometimes she would take out her long knife and sharpen it on one of the many handy rocks. When she was doing this the Indians stayed away from her because she was not above lashing out with her knife when she was annoyed. One day I saw her lash out at a curious dog and if it had not have moved quickly I am sure it would have been minus a leg.

She was a member of the Ute tribe of Indians who had been driven from their Colorado reservation and relocated in Utah as punishment for the uprising that culminated in the Meeker Massacre in 1879. In this attack the Agent, Nathan C. Meeker, was killed, as were all the male employes and a number of soldiers who were on their way to aid the people of the agency.

Some of the Indians said, or at any rate it was rumored, that Old Sugar had driven the stake down Mr. Meeker's throat, and I think she could have done it. When I knew Old Sugar the massacre was some twenty-five years in the past, so she would have been a vigorous woman at the time.

She had a son named Wash. He was a leader among the Utes, a man perhaps in his middle fifties, handsome and the owner of many horses. He must have taken part in the massacre—as Old Sugar's son, he surely would have—but now he was peaceful.

THE UTES usually camped in family groups. Wash's camp was about a mile from the agency and Old Sugar's wickiup was there. One spring she got quite sick, and this news reached the agency. It was also told that none of the Indians would take care of her, and she would not let the government doctor come near.

Photo Courtesy Author

Fortunately for Old Sugar there was a wonderfully kind Christian missionary, Miss Lucy Carter, who was in charge of the Episcopal Mission in the agency. She well knew what Old Sugar was like, but her natural compassion and Christian spirit made her duty clear. She persuaded Wash to bring his old mother to the mission, which he reluctantly did.

Miss Carter had gotten a bed ready and Old Sugar must have been really sick because somehow Miss Carter got her into it. The knife was not under her belt. Wash evidently had removed it. This was a relief to Miss Carter who was going to be her nurse.

I have often wondered how Miss Carter managed certain physical chores. I know she gave Old Sugar a bath of sorts, although it was a struggle even in Sugar's weakened condition. Miss Carter related many of the details to my mother, and I listened fascinated. The government doctor gave a certain amount of assistance, too, but not much.

Because the old woman had lost so much strength, Miss Carter was able to feed her and give her coffee. Most likely the medicine was in the coffee; anyhow Old Sugar began to revive. Soon she was yelling and railing constantly but, since all her maledictions were in Ute, Miss Carter had no idea what was being screamed at her.

One morning Old Sugar managed to put on her clothes. They had been washed, a fact greatly resented. When Miss Carter came into the room that morning, Old Sugar sat grumbling and muttering on the edge of the bed. Miss Carter was surprised to see the old woman dressed, but what she did not see was that Old Sugar had her walking stick close beside her on the bed.

Miss Carter set the tray down on a stand. Old Sugar immediately slurped up the oatmeal, took several gulps of coffee, and then threw the rest of it in Miss Carter's face. After that she grabbed the walking stick and began flailing away in the direction of her nurse. Old Sugar's eyesight was bad and fortunately none of the blows landed, but she made up for it with a torrent of curses. She kept repeating the word "Mericats." That was the only word Miss Carver understood; it meant white people.

When the seething old woman with her walking stick thumped out of the mission and made her way to the boardwalk in front of the trading post, Miss Carter did not try to stop her.

I do not know whether Wash was in town with his wagon or whether she walked back to camp. She probably walked. Old Sugar was tough, and she lived on for several years after that incident.

Though increasingly blind, she could see well enough to come to the agency to get her government issue, or to get certain supplies at the trading post. So one summer when she had not been seen for quite a while the white people began to wonder about her. My father asked several Indians, but they only shook their heads and said, "No Savvy" which either meant they did not know or they did not want to talk.

It was the custom of the Utes, when there was a death, to have a wailing time at the camp, and to come to the trading post seeking donations to be put into the grave, but none of this had happened. Even the Government doctor could learn nothing.

Gradually a story was whispered about. It seemed unbelievable but after a while we became convinced it was true. We learned that it was not uncommon among Indians to solve difficult problems by direct action. The rumor was that Wash had built a corral of brush and posts, tall like the corral built for special Indian dances, only much smaller in diameter. He had put Old Sugar in it with a jug of water and a bag of food. Then he closed up the opening of the corral, and everyone went away and left her to die. Apparently at her death she was buried without ceremony.

Before the Government people heard the story, Old Sugar had been long dead, and it seemed better to pretend ignorance. In the first place, getting mixed up in a tribal affair could only cause trouble. In the second place, while the action Wash took was a very cruel thing to do, according to our standards, the Indians were not disturbed.

Perhaps it was according to some old custom. White people also have some old customs that are not good. Who are we to sit in judgment?

PINE TREE GOLD

By Ruth F. Kneitel

MEN who work at strenuous or dangerous occupations usually enjoy telling others of the close calls and odd incidents they have experienced. Sailors, sand hogs, bridge builders, and miners, to name a few, love to dig into the past for interesting, and often exaggerated, tales. Sometimes the story is true in all its essentials, but gets out of hand when the story teller begins to mix fiction with fact. That's how whoppers are born.

There's one sure way to recognize these tales. They almost always begin with the same sentence, "I remember a job I was on one time - - - -." Some of the most inventive whoppers were concocted by gold miners. In the days of the Forty-Niners, when camps reeked of gold and whiskey, old-timers brewed up a batch of tall tales that have become part of our American folklore. One of the earliest whoppers of the gold diggin' days was the one perpetrated by a genius whose name was Pike Sellers. He had an imagination and a devilishly sly sense of humor which would qualify him for one of our highly specialized lines of salesmanship.

It was in the spring of '50 when word leaked out of the incredibly rich strike at Downie's Flat, located up near the headwaters of Yuba's north fork. A crowd of wild-eyed prospectors immediately dropped whatever they were doing and made a dash upstream like a school

(Continued on page 42)

Life Along The

It flowed right through Comanche Land, and

AN old Matador Ranch cowboy who rode its rough canyons, pulled mired cattle from the quicky sands, and saw men die in its swirling, red water called it the meanest damned river in the world. Some of the earliest visitors to its banks called it the Red, or Rio Colorado, but for over a century it has been called the Canadian, and no one knows for sure why.

This crimson crooked river heads in the high country near Raton, New Mexico and races through rocky canyons and cedar-studded mesas to the Texas line. Then it cuts into the Panhandle and slices through some of the best cattle country in the world, and finally down among the low rolling hills of Oklahoma to Webbers Falls on the Arkansas River, nearly a thousand miles.

The Canadian River has been all things to many people. Records prove that men have lived serenely and violently along its banks and in its valleys for thousands of years. Cattle have waxed fat and starved to death along its banks. Cowmen whose livestock grazed its reaches have made millions and gone broke. The Canadian has been a raging torrent from bank to bank, and so dry at times that a coyote would have to scrounge for a drink. A fabulous array of wildlife—panther, bear, deer, antelope, wild turkey, lobo wolves, and other animals—have frolicked, fought, and died within scent of Canadian River water.

Folson and Clovis men, perhaps, were the first who crept along the river's edges to heave dull points on crude shafts into prehistoric animals, and to continue gouging and spearing until the clumsy beasts fell to be eaten, probably raw, by these mighty hunters of unknown origin. Scientists believe they were the first to use the highly colored and steely flint called Alibates, one of the most durable weapon-and-utensil materials ever found by ancient man. This valuable stone came from a rich deposit very close to the Canadian, and the site has been designated Alibates National Monument. An Indian leaving this quarry with a hide bag filled with Alibates chunks would be as rich as someone today leaving a Federal Reserve Bank with a suitcase stuffed with thousand-dollar notes. Tools and points made by Folsom and Clovis men along with those of later tribes have been

found in small numbers over a wide area and are rare items for collectors.

A FEW thousand years after Folsom and Clovis men departed, the Archaic people entered the valley. Like those before them, they were not real estate owners. Caves and overhanging cliffs provided shelter. They used Alibates flint and employed about the same methods of survival as older civilizations. Their skeletons have been discovered and careful studies made of them. Archaic men made a wider variety of tools and weapons than their predecessors but their craftsmanship was little better, if any.

The Plains' villagers came in next, arriving about 1000 A. D. They must have been delighted with the Canadian River because they built houses along its banks. Some have been discovered and opened for inspection. The Pueblo Indians were good builders. Some of their houses were chinked with adobe and plastered white. These ruins have produced ingenious tools and points of Alibates flint. In addition to being good hunters, they were traders and farmers. Refuse pits reveal a variety of animal bones, shells, corn cobs, and other proof that they ate well. These people left the valley of the Canadian about the time of the Coronado Expedition, possibly because of a prolonged drought.

After the villagers left, the mounted nomads—Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes, and Apaches—took over the region. Those wild ones must have revered the Canadian River. It was as untamed as they were. Buffaloes by the millions were there, and high, steep bluffs afforded camping places protected from the sharp north winds. Wild grapes, plums, and currants added zest to their diet.

Ranging along the Canadian the Plains Indians met another group of daring, skilled horsemen, entirely their equal, the Mexican buffalo hunters. Down from the high mesas of New Mexico, or up from the hot deserts of Sonora and Chihuahua, these pecan-colored *ciboleros* hunted the reaches of the Canadian and speared buffalo with steel points fastened to long shafts. On fast horses they raced to the side of a running buffalo and with a lunging heave drove the point into its heart.

(Continued on page 58)

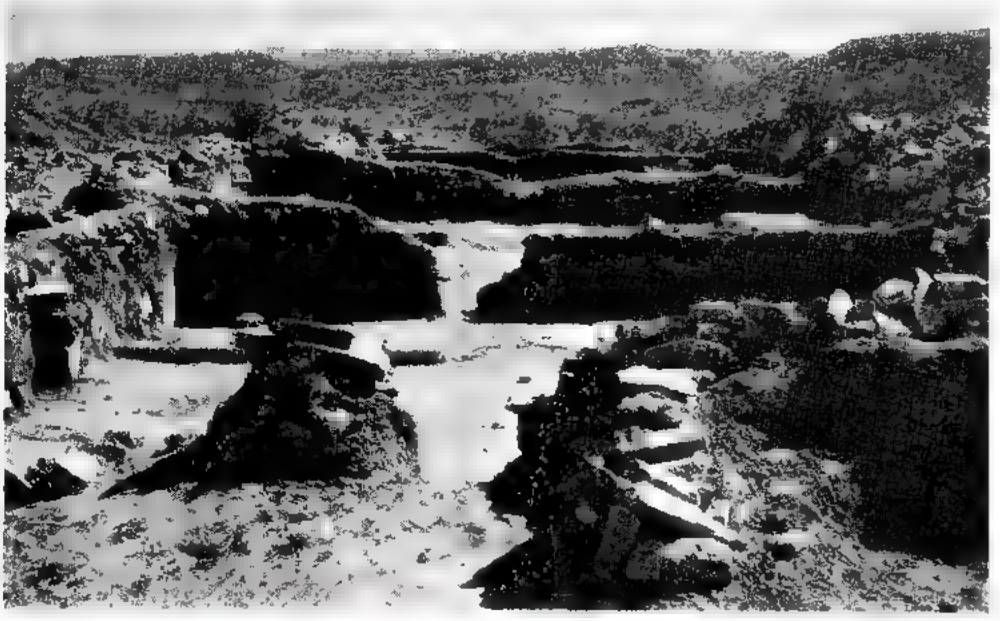
Canadian

ts warpaint was quicksand!

BY JOE H. SMITH

Photos Courtesy Author

Above: Ruins of Chavez Plaza on the bank of the Canadian River. The crumbling walls once housed the employes of Juan Chavez, one of the first commissioners of Oldham County, Texas. Left: The ruined walls of a rock house on the banks of the Canadian in a remote section of the Panhandle. Below: An Indian pueblo near the Canadian River.



Left to right: Geronimo, Chihuahua, Nana, Loco and Josanie—all prisoners of war at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma Territory. Photo taken by George W. Berts in 1885.

Photo Courtesy Smithsonian Institute National Anthropological Archives

JOSANIE

He learned early that killing one or two whites at a time was easier and safer, and would make just as impressive a total if he kept it up long enough!

BY DANIEL D. ARANDA

Photos Courtesy Author

Author's Note: Most writers have given Josanie's band credit for the killing of thirty-eight people during the raid of 1885. I believe that this figure came from General Crook's report and I also believe that General Crook gave the total as he saw it, but I do *not* believe that he had information on all who were killed by Josanie's band.

I have listed forty-five killed. Several others have been reported slain by Josanie's band but I did not count them for lack of evidence. For example, three Chinese farmers were killed near Lake Valley, supposedly by Apaches, but because there was strong anti-Chinese feeling in the area at the time, they could have been killed by whites and mutilated so as to look like the work of Indians. I will appreciate any information the readers may have on Josanie.

JOSANIE, called Ulzana by some, might be forgotten entirely today had he not made an incredible raid in late 1885. He

was a younger brother of Chief Chihuahua of the Chiricahua Apaches and was said to be a brave and daring warrior. In appearance Josanie was fair looking and was of average Apache height. He was approximately forty years old in 1885 but looked much younger. He was thin but well proportioned and every muscle was well toned and sinewy. His senses were keen. Josanie was a leader among the men of his tribe and was generally liked and respected, as was his brother Chihuahua.

Josanie served as a government scout against the aged and rheumatic Nana in 1881. Nana, although between seventy and ninety years of age and severely crippled, proved to be one of the most capable leaders the Apaches had after the death of Victorio. (The Apache version explaining Nana's limping is that he had a broken foot that never healed properly. It more likely was a combination of an improperly healed foot and rheumatism.)

In late 1881 Nana gathered about him the remnant of Victorio's band that had been very nearly annihilated near the Tres Castillos Mountains in Mexico. To them he added some fugitives from other tribes, then launched a spectacular raid that in many respects was like Josanie's later raid.

Nothing outstanding was done by Josanie or Chihuahua to aid in Nana's capture. Josanie's loyalty to the United States Government at this time is very doubtful, as he was not the type to go against his people.

In March 1883 two war parties left their stronghold in the Sierra Madre of Old Mexico. One band of twenty-six men headed by Chato and Bonito headed north into the United States in search of badly needed ammunition. The other group of approximately fifty-five warriors, headed by Geronimo and Chihuahua, raided deeper into Mexico for cattle and plunder. Josanie went with the latter.

Chato's band was successful in that this war party killed a number of white people and eluded all pursuers, but Chato's raid had a consequence of greater importance in the defection of Tzoe. Tzoe, who was called Peaches by the whites because of his peach-like complexion, later played an important part in the conquering of hostile Apaches. The raid also succeeded in arousing the people in the East with the killing of the prominent Judge H. C. McComas and his wife. Ammunition and plunder were brought back but one warrior was lost; he was Beneactiney, a son-in-law of Chihuahua. He was killed at a charcoal camp in the Whetstone Mountains.

Geronimo's and Chihuahua's foray was more successful; they killed many enemies and brought back much cattle and plunder. Perhaps scouting against Nana and raiding with Geronimo and Chihuahua taught Josanie some of the strategy he would use later.

-APACHE WARRIOR

Photo Courtesy Smithsonian Institute National Anthropo ogical Archives

Council between Geronimo and General Crook in March 1886. Taken by C. S. Fly.

BY THE END of 1883 most of the Apaches had been placed on the reservation but on May 17, 1885 hostilities broke out again when Geronimo, Chihuahua, Nana, Naiche, and Mangas along with thirty-two warriors including Josanie, eight almost grown boys, and ninety-two women and children left their reservation camp near Fort Apache. The prime factor in this exodus was restlessness. The Apache was a hunter and a warrior, not a farmer. This, along with the restrictions which prohibited the Indians from beating their wives and drinking tiswin (Indian beer), caused much resentment. The white men could drink their whiskey; why couldn't the Apaches drink their tiswin? As for wife-beating —this was an Apache custom that was accepted even by most of the women.

Their escape into Mexico was made successfully. It is certain that Josanie took part in numerous raids and skirmishes in the Southwestern United States and Northern Mexico during the next several months but it wasn't until early November that he made his presence acutely felt.

En route to the United States, Josanie and ten warriors killed a White Mountain Indian and two Navaho scouts. They had to leave one of their warriors with a broken leg to fend for himself as best as he could in the Los Pinos Mountains of Old Mexico. By white standards the abandoning of a crippled comrade would be considered very cruel; however to the Apache this was accepted as a way of life during war time. In most cases the abandoned warrior would reunite with his people.

This band of hostiles crossed the border somewhere in Southwestern New Mexico then entered the Florida Mountains southeast of Deming. Josanie may have been appointed to lead the raid or perhaps had the approval of Chihuahua. Any warrior who wanted to lead a raid could do so. He didn't have to be a chief, but he did have to have the chief's approval.

Somewhere in the Florida Mountains they joined briefly with sixteen other Apaches who had come up from Mexico. Then on November 2, several members of the combined group attacked D. L. Jewett's wood camp near Lake Valley. Here they killed Charles Moore and chased off two other men. In looting the camp they acquired many rifles and seventy to ninety rounds of ammunition. They also found blankets and provisions.

Several days later the party killed George Hay and wounded a man named Grobe at Noal's Ranch. Noal's ranch house, stables and some stock were burned. Later that same day they killed Jacob Halling at the Parks' Ranch.

Another small group (or perhaps the same one) the following day killed Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Yeater, who were en route to Deming. Mr. Yeater was killed outright, but his wife had to suffer the agony of mass rape before she too was killed and mutilated. The same

(Continued on page 62)

Report From Alaska

(Continued from page 3)

he has adapted what he learned on a farm in Arkansas to survival in the harsh Alaskan wilderness. He describes his lonely life in the white wilderness as exhilarating—every day a new adventure, not one moment of regret, just that feeling of utter contentment that we all long for.

I want to share part of two letters with you:

"YOU RECALL the little stream that runs by my cabin? I named it Silver Creek. Well, I had to get out of the cabin so I took a walk up the canyon yesterday. The creek was frozen solid so I just walked up the middle of it. I was so fasci nated that I couldn't stop—wondering what would be around the next bend. Then I realized that I must be at least five miles up the creek.

"About that time I saw some tracks that I couldn't figure out. The snow was thirty inches or so deep when I stepped off the creek ice. We have had several days of what I call mild weather, hanging around zero. Today was about two degrees above. Those tracks looked like a man had come down the mountainside but I knew that if there was anyone in this area they would see the smoke from my cabin and drop by, since it is at least sixty miles to nowhere in any direction.

"You know what a curiosity I have so I had to follow those tracks. Also, you know that I seem to be the type of person that unbelievable things happen to. The snow depth made it hard going but I was determined to see what made those tracks. All of a sudden I knew. I stepped on something that reacted immediately and forcefully! A bear had come out of hibernation, as they sometimes will when it warms up. He evidently had found the snow hard going and had sort of burrowed out a spot and curled up.

"I am going to confess that I have always thought I was a fairly brave man. Now I know different. You may not believe this but I am also going to tell you that I can run on top of thirty inches of soft snow! Fact is, I was going so fast that when I hit the ice on Silver Creek I fell and slid for what seemed to be half a mile. It must have made a spectacular sight. What I would give to have it on film! It is a wonder I didn't break a leg. I don't know what that bear did. I plan on going back up there in a few days and see if I can find my rifle. . . ."

THE LETTER, however, that almost wasn't written is dated January 1, 1976. Walter had acquired a vintage 1941 model Piper Cub. After finding a spot in the wilderness for the great experiment, he would spend two or three weeks in the beautiful bush country, then fly out for his mail and a day or so in civilization. His landing strip on the Post River was a gravel bar. When the snows came and the river froze over, he had to leave the little plane in Anchorage and depend on his friend Les Risley for any contact with civilization.

Walter Yates is a man you just can't keep on the ground! I have often wondered what would happen if he were required to shake hands with Old Lucifer instead of St. Peter. There is not supposed to be any flying done within the boundaries of the Nether World, and my friend is a man that couldn't put up with that! So when Les showed up the first part of December, Walter flew back to Anchorage with him, put skis on the little Cub and started preparing it for sub-zero flying. He wrapped everything exposed—oil pan, induction tubes, exhaust stacks, etc. with strips of asbestos cloth. While he was doing this it started snowing and he had to wait five days for the weather to break before taking off for Post River.

When the storm was over, the temperature went up to thirty above. This wasn't good for an engine that had been prepared for flying in sub-zero weather but Walter couldn't wait. He decided to try it anyhow and if the engine got too hot he would simply land on one of the numerous frozen lakes and remove part of the insulation on the engine. What followed should happen to a man only once in a lifetime. Fact is, it generally doesn't happen more than once in a lifetime to the same person because of the simple fact that he didn't make it through the first time! I'll turn the stick back over to Walter now and let him tell about the experience that makes him feel exhilarated just to be alive.

"IT didn't take the oil temperature gauge long to hit that red line. I had done too good a job in taping it up. I was trying to keep the little plane in the air until I could find a place to land and take off some of that tape. The terrain was rising fast now. All those frozen lakes that dot the surface when you are 4,500 feet in the air—how few of them appear when you are only about one hundred feet up! I was about two hundred pounds overloaded with supplies. I had decided that Jim Bridger was better at living off the land than I had been able to do so I fudged just a little and brought back some essentials for the rough winter ahead.

"My strategy was to advance the throttle and climb about two minutes, pull back and try to cool the overheated engine as I lost each foot of precious altitude. It was like a roller-coaster ride over Old Man Death—a race to find a lake before I lost the engine. I could see nothing but gullies, ridges and trees interspersed through the frozen muskeg. I watched my outside temperature gauge constantly for some indication that the air temperature was dropping as I got closer to the mountain range. It seemed stuck on thirty degrees. I am not trying to be dramatic when I say that I was fast approaching my first serious and possibly my last obstacle—the terrain was rising faster than I could climb safely and the entrance to the first pass loomed ahead.

"There was a small river running down through the pass. It would be frozen now so I thought I'd try to make the pass and gamble on the colder winds saving the engine. Those winds come across the Bering Sea, up the west side of the Koskokwim Mountains, which are all ice and glaciers this time of year, and they sweep through the pass going *fast*. If I couldn't make the pass my only chance would be to try and land on the frozen river.

"I started perspiring profusely. If I had to go down I would probably freeze to death even if I didn't crack up. A cold chill shook me when I looked at the oil pressure gauge. It had dropped to near nothing. The oil was so hot it could not build up pressure. Without pressure the engine would not receive proper lubrication. I was expecting a rod to come flying through the cowling any minute.

"I was now down in the riverbed about fifty feet above the ice. It was ripply and full of pressure ridges. These ridges build up on lakes and rivers as pressure

A view from Walter's window, looking north.

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constantly moves, cracks and lifts the ice. In addition, I could see overflow. This is what happens when a frozen river has rushing water under the ice. Jammed by chunks of ice breaking off and flowing along with the current, that old devil pressure builds up under the ice and the water breaks through and runs along the top of an already frozen surface. It freezes quickly, of course, and this adds to the unevenness of the river surface—all of which makes landing without losing your bottom almost impossible!

"Also, to add another little difficulty, even if you are able to land on a frozen river, you've got to get that plane away from there in a hurry or you are frozen to the surface, possibly for the duration. I was in one of those situations in which almost a lifetime of flying doesn't seem to help much—anything I thought of seemed to be worse than the plan I had thought of just before!

"I was now pulling about seventy-five percent power and I would have to climb to 3,000 feet to get through the first pass and to 4,360 feet to clear Rainey Pass about thirty miles ahead. I was now past the point of no return. I didn't have enough fuel to turn around and go back. It was either on or down. I had no choice. Even at a time like that I remember having a tremendous respect for the old-time bush pilots. Right then I would have traded all my earthly possessions if I could have been one of them—with about thirty years of bush-flying experience. I thought about the four 5-gallon cans of white gas for my lanterns. A crash would drench me with gasoline.

"I shoved the throttle forward and said a little prayer. The Cub began to shudder and vibrate like a wagon sheet in a West Texas windstorm. As I climbed slowly the plane began shaking at an alarming degree. Could it be that the engine was going out? The oil temperature was as far in the red as the gauge would read and that oil pressure didn't even register!

"The turbulence kept increasing. Turbulence! Could it be I had hit the cold winds coming through the pass? I was almost afraid to look at the outside gauge. It showed 27°—a slight drop! Then is when I really did pray for cold air. I was now about three hundred feet above the riverbed and was being tossed around like a piece of cotton in a whirlwind. I never thought I could be so happy to fly into severe turbulence. At last I had hit those cold winds from the Bering Sea. I began to think now maybe I could make it. However, what seemed to be the thing that came to my rescue might also be the thing to destroy me. My oil temperature had finally gotten out of the red but that headwind was trying to blow my little Cub apart. Also since I was thinking of all the things that *could* happen—even if I made it through these "hurricane" passes I might not have enough fuel to make camp.

"I CONTINUED to climb at full throttle. I thought about the freak winds that sometimes occur in mountain passes. They reach as high as 125 miles per hour and they don't care which way they toss you.

"It isn't my nature to give up but I was thinking that the end was near. Then the air became smoother. I was above the rough air that usually hugs the ground as it sweeps through a pass. I know this sounds like the cavalry arriving in the nick of time but I'm telling it as it actually happened.

"My next little worry was that I was now literally freezing. My clothes were completely wet with perspiration from this ordeal and I began to wonder if I could even land the airplane the way I was shaking from the cold. The door had about a 1" crack in it at the front and would not latch at the rear so I had a drafty Cub even in milder weather.

"I reached Rainey Pass and started through it. The rough air returned and for the next five minutes I virtually never knew which side was up! One gust would flip the little plane on its side and another would right it. I was gambling that the gusts would come out even! If I ever got on my back in such a narrow pass—well, it would be a cold place to stay for the rest of my life!

"Then I was out—just like that. I was flying into the wide valley of the south fork of the mighty Koskokwim. It was

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only twenty-five miles to camp! My gas gauge on the Cub is a long piece of wire sticking out of the nose tank just in front of the windshield. It is attached to a cork float. As well as I could figure, it was almost all the way down so I throttled back to 50% power and there I remember thinking what an ironical twist it would be if I played out of gas and crashed now that I was comparatively safe. You know, Joe, I am actually sweating now as I relive this experience. I keep telling myself you probably won't believe this. I don't think I would either if I hadn't been there. Like, for instance—now it started snowing. The visibility got down to the point that I could barely see my camp when I got there. (I will spare you the details of actually getting there.) I couldn't see that snow-covered landing strip on the gravel bar until I was right over it. I throttled back quickly and slipped to safety on the smooth snow.

"When I had made a fire and poured a hot cup of coffee I calmed down for the first time. Sitting there in the wonderful quietness of my cabin I reflected upon my flight and chances of ever seeing camp again. Then is when I *really* got scared!

"If you don't hear from me as often in the future as you have in the past, you'll know I'm not trying any more stunts with a light plane in this country. I had God and good luck with me on this trip but I might not be so lucky the next time. I think I had rather take my chances with a bear in the snow!"

This last letter gave Cactus and me a chance for a new surge of "That dadblamed crazy fool!" It also gave us cause to recall the many stories of people fighting the elements and tremendous adversities that went with pushing the frontier westward.

I'll let you know *if* I hear from Walter again. I think I will. I have about decided he is going to make it after all. Also, I am beginning to believe that theory of his that there is something *up there* looking down on him. I just hope he won't strain that patience a little too far. Knowing Walter, I wouldn't be surprised if he does.

See you later.—Hosstail.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 35)

of salmon. Each man at Downie's Flat was digging a pound of gold a day out of crevices under the rimrock with the point of a butcher knife. Major Downie himself had floated downstream to Bullard's Bar with $3,000 in nuggets—the results of only three day's work! Such rumors exploded far and wide.

When the first arrivals commenced to lower themselves hand over hand down the precipitous wall of the gorge to Downie's camp, they were not very cordially received by the ten or twelve original discoverers who'd spent a hard winter there. Sellers was one of the latter. It was, in fact, quite true that Downie and his associates had been extracting raw gold out of the riverbank with butcher knives and iron spoons for the past several months, and they had no intention of dividing the riches.

It was then that Pike Sellers had his inspiration.

HE WAS working away at the soft dirt of the stream bank one day when he saw one of the uninvited newcomers, pack on back, crawling precariously downtrail. Pike, unseen by the intruder, scrambled up out of the stream bed and commenced prying furiously with his long knife at the bark slabs of a jack-pine tree. Just as the stranger came up, one of the rough shags of bark became loosened. Pike pushed two fingers behind it and withdrew a fat and beautiful gold nugget.

The stranger's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets, and his jaw dropped to his chest. Pike tackled another bark slab without so much as a glance over his shoulder at the stunned onlooker. By a simple sleight-of-hand trick that new hunk yielded a second alluring gold pebble.

"My Gawd!" yelled the tenderfoot. "I heard ye was diggin' the yaller stuff outa cracks in the rock, but I didn't knowed she growed on pine trees!"

"These small gold pebbles gits lodged thar when the tree's pushin' up through the soil," Pike said dryly. "Most of them real big nuggets is up higher, but it's too damn much trouble to shin up the trees. Me, I'm just satisfied to peck around nigh the ground."

Under the believing eyes of the newcomer Pike "found" a couple more nuggets. Suddenly the stranger whipped out his Bowie knife and started to work on a nearby jack-pine.

"Hold on thar!" Pike Sellers commanded. "You is on my claim. Rule in this camp is every fella's entitled to ten gold-bearin' pines. That thar one you is workin' on belongs to me."

The stranger wanted to know where he could stake himself a tree right away. Reluctantly Pike abandoned his work to stride through the forest to where a smaller pine was growing.

"Like I said, she richest nigh the top. Ye can climb this one without a ladder iffen you wants to." Pike wished him good luck as the newcomer dropped his pack and, Bowie knife in teeth, commenced to shinny up the tree's rough trunk.

"Higher up's better," bawled Pike when his protege had come to the first limbs. "Nothin' but flake gold low down mostly. So keep going on up where the good stuff is."

Up went the avid tenderfoot with visions before his eyes of prying loads of golden nuggets from beneath the bark. Pike let him risk his neck until he was fifty or sixty feet from the ground.

"That's a likely enough place to begin on," he shouted up to the luckless dimwit. "Only be mighty keerful not to drop any nuggets. I kain't be held responsible fer heavy losses like that."

The searcher after pine-tree gold began to attack the bark with his knife. While he was frantically hacking away, Pike Sellers drifted back to the stream bed and rounded up an audience consisting of his pals who shook with laugher as they viewed the comedy he had staged for them.

Thereafter "jack-pine gold" became a by-word in the northern mines, and Pike Sellers reaped enduring fame as the father of one of the greatest whoppers of all times.

THE STAGE TO PHELPS CENTER

Prior to the coming of the automobile, cross-country travel in regions without railroad service was precarious at best for those travelers without their own horses or teams. In a letter to the Lincoln *Journal* of February 27, 1883, a traveler signing himself "Eyes" tells of traveling by stage from Kearney to Phelps Center, then the county seat of Phelps County.

Eyes was not overly impressed by his trip, or at least not favorably impressed. Learning that a stage ran to Phelps Center, he wrote, "I searched for the Kearney headquarters of said route; I found them in the rear of the postoffice, headed toward the wood pile." The stage he described in detail: "There were four wheels to begin on; these were connected by sticks running crosswise and lengthwise, and on these was mounted that which passed for a seat. In front was no dashboard but a grand opening for one. On the rear of the seat was the great open domain of nature. At length the human part of the establishment put in an appearance and we proceeded to begin to get ready to start. First the luggage was put in place. This consisted of a mail bag, your servant's valise, and a cross-cut saw, secured by running a surcingle through the handles and strapping the whole to the back of the seat.

"Our quadruped was furnished with shoes for four feet. The roads were very icy, so the shoes were put on his front feet, these were to walk with. His rear feet were left unshod, these were to slide with, and it was hard to tell which pair of feet were the most active."

On the way, they stopped at Williamsburg, a rural postoffice in Phelps County. "Here we found a post office, hotel, store, private residence and general lounging place, all under one roof; in fact, the whole town was under one roof, and it was not a large roof either. The establishment was dirty in front, dirtier in the rear, and the dirtiest in the centre. One thing that attracted my attention on the trip was the dogs. I found they were a sure index of the financial condition of the residence. If the people were poor, they had a yellow dog; and if they were very poor, a black dog; and if they were most exceedingly poor, both a yellow and a black dog would rush from the dooryard as if to devour us on the spot."

Upon reaching his destination, however, Eyes was most impressed with the village of Phelps Center and its future. He felt the village of twenty-five or thirty buildings would increase rapidly with the coming of the railroad. But the Burlington missed Phelps Center, and the new town of Holdredge was established. In a short time Phelps Center ceased to exist.—*Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.*

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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COWBOYS AND COWMEN

XIT—Being a New and Original Exploration, in Art and Words, into the Life and Times of the American Cowboy (Oxmoor House Inc., $50.00) by Caleb Pirtle and the Texas Cowboy Artists Association is a big flashy book that all collectors of the cattle trade will want to own. It is showy and appealing from the illustrated dust jacket to quality paper and covers. The colored and black and white art work of cowboy artists Jack Bryant, Clay Dahlberg, George Kovack, Bob Moline, Don Ray, Mark Storm, Jim Thomas, Jim Ward, Tom Warren and Kenneth Wyatt will knock your eyes out. Cabel Pirtle, narrator, with plenty of writing styles, gives the reader an acceptable running account of the life of Texas trail drivers who pushed several million Longhorns over various trails to market. The central theme is: "The era of the Great American Cowboy lasted only two decades. These were the years of open range, cantankerous Longhorns, and the great cattle drives north." This is a viewpoint borrowed from others who said it without reckoning with the fact that a cowboy is a man on horseback who is responsible for the grazing and feeding, protecting and marketing of cattle. A modern King Ranch cowhand performs these responsibilities and you can bet he considers himself a cowboy. The open ranges of the Rocky Mountains replaced the Great Plains as the center of cowboy action. Eastern colonial cowboys also ran cattle on open ranges, held roundups, branded cattle, and followed long trails to market. Cattle trails on the colonial seaboard and in the West were in use long before Texas cattle went up the trail to northern markets. However, the Texas cowboy was the prototype of our national folk hero, the American cowboy. Most cowboys in the illustrations in this book are of this century rather than of 1875. Wearing apparel conforms more to that of our present age. Mounts are fat Twentieth Century quarterhorses, not the thin wiry mustangs of the cattle driving era. Saddles are swellfork variations all designed since 1900, and mostly current styles. A good deal of cowboy folklore crept into the narrative and a few examples are listed: "A cowboy's word was the only bond he needed." Fortunately this often was true, but Billy the Kid, Butch Cassidy and The Wild Bunch, Tom Horn and many others do not fit this exemplary mold. The Longhorn has been made to appear as a congenital wreck of hide, horn, hair, bone and tough stringy beef. Given plenty of grass Longhorns gain quickly and produce palatable beef. "Buffalo grass waving freely in the wind" is another error because the grass grows too short to wave in a breeze. Another old saw put to rest is "Nothing grew where sheep walked." We suggest the author visit the Edwards Plateau in his home state. Foolish owners have sometimes crowded ranges with too many sheep, cattle, goats or horses, and overgraze ranges. The owners must be blamed, not the livestock. Despite a little flyspecking, we still recommend the book!

Casement of Juniata (Lowell Press, $7.95) by Donald R. Ornduff is a brief biographical tribute to the inimitable Dan—one of a kind as a man and as a stockman. This reviewer remembers Dan Casement in his stock show coat (with checks) as one of the big winners in carload lot competition at Chicago, Kansas City, Denver and Fort Worth and as one of the most colorful of all cowmen. (Casement won well over 300 awards in the fat carload classes at the leading livestock shows during his career.) Don Ornduff, long-time editor of the *American Hereford Journal* and friend of Casement for twenty years, does a fine job and is ably seconded by J. Evetts Haley, the eminent cow country historian who wrote the introduction, "Reverie and Reflection." Casement was quite a man and his two old friends do right by him. The book is enhanced with a number of family photos. Strongly recommended.

The King Ranch 1939-1944 (Morgan & Morgan, Dobbs Ferry, New York, $15.00) by international photographer Toni Frissell and introduction with captions by Holland McCombs, formerly with the editorial department of *Time-Life-Fortune* is a smart album about people, cattle and horses of the famous ranch started by former riverboat captain Richard King. The major opus about the King Ranch was written previously by Texas author and artist, Tom Lea. This brilliant picture book gives the reader an overview of how managers and cowboys carry out the day-to-day work of grazing, feeding, breeding and marketing the cattle and horses produced on the huge ranch. Beginning with local Texas Longhorns, the ranch now has 365,000 cattle of their red Santa Gertrudis breed spread over about 13 million acres of land in several countries over the world. These cattle, five/eighths Shorthorn and three/eighths Brahma, trace back to Monkey, the original Santa Gertrudis sire. Another prepotent sire, Old Sorrell, started the famous King Ranch strain of Quarter Horses, bred for their prowess as speedy rugged cow horses. Hundreds of them work ranch cattle and herds of other owners who have bought them for cow work. Toni Frissell's sharp black and white photos combine with Holland McCombs' incisive narrative to make an attractive information album about the King Ranch. Here is another quality book published in cooperation with the Amon Carter Museum of Fort Worth, Texas.

Noah McCuiston, Pioneer Texas Cattleman (Texana Collection Books, P. O. Box 474, Franklin, Texas 77856, $10.00— $10.40 in Texas), is by Carleen M. Daggett (Mrs. Walter Daggett of the Daggett Ranch). The growth of the herds of Longhorns in Texas during the Civil War was surprising indeed since for the most part only the old men and boys were left at home to care for them. Noah's father rode away from the Robertson County ranch with Sibley's Texas Cavalry in 1861 when the boy was four—his brother John was nine. The cruelty of the sister of their step-mother to their sister Mary Jane, aged six, and brother Jim, aged two, led to the rapid maturing of the two boys. After the war, the McCuistons moved their cattle to Limestone County and later to Bosque County but Noah's operations were independent of those of his father. In the late '70s Noah moved to the Texas Panhandle; in the '80s, to New Mexico where he was a neighbor of the Morleys, Montague Stevens, Cole Railston and George Smith. The bushwhack killing of Smith sent Noah to Miles City, Montana in search of the killer –he found the killer and a cow country he liked. In 1889 he moved to a range between the Big Missouri and the Yellowstone, but by 1893 he was back on his Roberts County ranch in the Texas Panhandle, leaving a half-brother in charge in Montana. This is an entertaining saga of range and family life, illustrated with a few good photos. Recommended.

COWBOY HISTORIAN

Frontier Historian (University of Oklahoma, $9.95) is a well deserved tribute to Dr. Edward Everett Dale edited by Arrell M. Gibson. Gibson also wrote "Edward Everett Dale, The Historian" while Angie Debo writes about him as "The Teacher" and John S. Ezell's essay is on him as "The Man." In the remainder of the text, Dr. Gibson wisely let Dr. Dale talk for himself. The "Cowboy Schoolmaster" is from his unpublished autobiography but all the other prose pieces, including such old favorites as "Old Navajoe," "The Romance of the Range," "Cowboy Cookery," "The Passing of the Range Cattle Industry in Oklahoma" and "The Cow Country in Transition" appeared in scholarly journals. Several of

(Continued on page 64)

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Burn-Out of a Boom Town

(Continued from page 26)

them carefully and watch them closely to keep them from overflowing. You had to divert the oil into a new tank when one was full. I learned the hard way that this was a MUST!

"It was cold and raining that first day, and a sharp frigid blast of freezing air was driving the rain and wind straight into my face. The sleet and snow made footing slippery. I had been told that after I made my morning rounds I could return to the tent to warm up some then go out on the evening rounds.

"By evening the weather was much worse. It was much colder and the icy wind was stronger. The ground was frozen hard enough to support a man on the level but, crossing a little gulley before reaching the big battery of tanks, I broke through. I was plumb up to my knees in icy, muddy, oily slush. I scrambled wildly to gain my balance and then, arms flailing, I went down. Mud, ice and slush went into my mouth, nose, and ears. My hair and jacket and boots were full of the slimy stuff. I struggled up and after using a few choice words not meant for ladies' ears I went back to camp.

"I slept soundly, thinking the boss would never know I had not made my rounds. But he knew all right! The whole camp knew! Before daylight the tanks overflowed. Oil was everywhere. It's hard to believe but I just never realized the tanks would fill and run over.

"The boss was understanding, me being green, but in no uncertain terms he told me what would happen if I pulled such a trick again. That warning must have stuck for I pumped that lease for thirty years and never again did I let a tank run over.

"I took a lot of ribbing from the men but it was all good-natured.

"We stayed at the tent until our first payday. Then we ordered a tent from Montgomery Ward and the next Saturday we picked it up at Red Fork. We were glad to get away from the big sleeping tent, for the boys gambled and talked half the night. We were there to work, not gamble and stay up till all hours.

"We borrowed a lease team and brought out the tent and a few things we needed to batch with and set up the tent in a quiet little grove of trees near the leases where we worked. We bought an old rusty iron bedstead and a straw tick which we filled with fresh hay. A couple of flour sacks filled with hay served fine for pillows. With a few granite pots and pans for dishes, and a coal oil lamp, we were ready to 'live at home.'

"At first we cooked on a campfire with an old Dutch oven we'd bought at a second-hand store, and the tent was stretched right on the ground. Later we boxed up the tent and bought a second-hand wood cookstove. We cut a hole in the side of the tent and by using an elbow pipe we had a pretty snug set-up.

"It was April almost before we knew it. April in Indian Territory! Redbuds, dogwood, wild flowers blooming in every hollow and on the hillsides. Along the little creeks new green leaves made a soft green blanket. All this was covered with sweet smelling wild plum blossoms white as the snow had been—except when they blew in a gusher that covered them and all the rest of the countryside with a blanket of oil.

"Letters from home said that snow and ice was as thick on the ground as ever, while we were working in our shirt sleeves! Both of us were offered work at several other places but we stayed right where we were. It was high time to head for home, though, if we were going to get in a crop that year of 1908.

"I THINK both of us knew we would never go back. At last it was out in the open between us—we did not want to leave Oklahoma.

"The folks back home were as thrilled as we were to move here. We talked about getting another tent apiece but decided to ask the lease boss about building houses for us. He agreed and he was as good as his word. Those little lease houses were home to us for thirty-five years.

"There is something about pumping oil that gets into a man's blood and he never wants to let a well go. Each well on your lease is an individual—as temperamental as a flighty woman or as steady and true as a good one. Some of the wells you grow to dislike, like a balky mule; some you have a real liking for. Take old Number Three on my string now—she was a regular hellcat. One day she pumped; the next day she balked. One day the gas pressure would blow her lines dry as a whistle, and the next day she'd hold the oil back like a cow holds up her milk. We finally installed a gas anchor on her and she purred along like a kitten. Steady as a strong heartbeat she gave out her 800 barrels a day.

"Before our families came Bob and I would clean up on Saturday night and walk down to Kiefer just to see the sights. There was no need to go anywhere that cost money. The sights on Main Street were better amusement than you could find anywhere else. Man, it was a sight! A tide of people surged back and forth, back and forth, like a summer storm across the endless prairies.

"When we'd first hit Kiefer there seemed to be not so much meanness as came later. Then, killings, muggings, holdups and robberies got to be expected almost every night for two or three years. It wasn't safe to be in a dark place anywhere or at any time on Kiefer's main street.

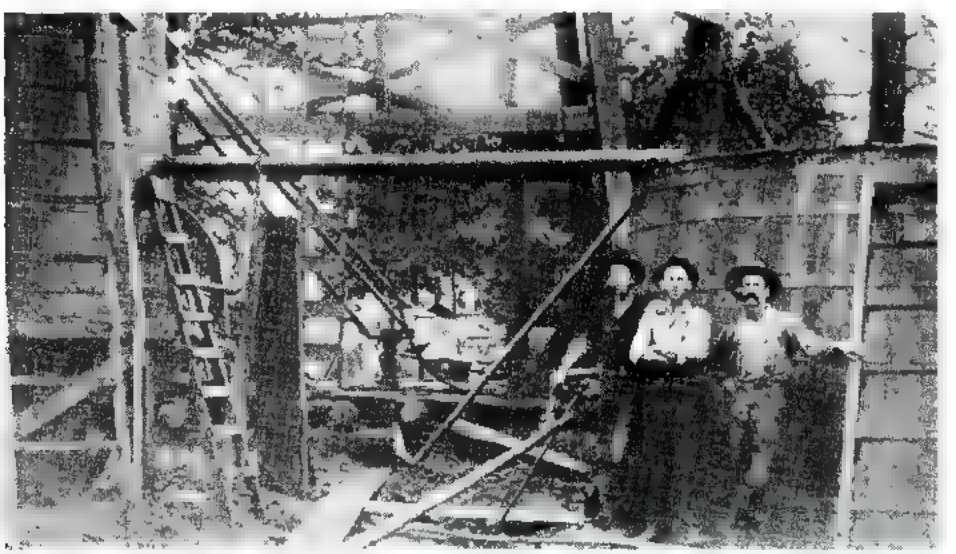
"The depot stood on sort of a high place and was, all along the tracks, surrounded by a muddy oily slough. Across from the old depot was a higher knoll on which stood a gambling joint and everything that went with gambling. Even though whiskey was outlawed in Indian Territory it was certainly all over Kiefer.

"Above this joint were the ever-present rooms for the 'girls.' To reach there you had to walk across a narrow plank walk that had been built on stakes across the slough. Two planks made a 24"-walkway and this was the only way you could get back and forth from this place that was causing so much trouble to Kiefer police (if you could call them that).

"Several times some man had made a big killing at the tables in the joint and each time he was mugged and robbed as he crossed the old slough later. Everyone who lost his winnings said he was cornered in the middle of the old slough walkway by two men coming at him, one from each end of the walk. There in the middle, there was nothing to do but hand over your money and be glad to escape with your life. It was better than being knocked in the head and dumped into the slough which fairly swarmed with cottonmouth snakes.

"THIS kept going on, as well as robbing and killing all over the oil field, but especially on the main street at night, until finally three deputy marshals were sent over from Tulsa to try to bring order. One of these marshals was a pretty fair hand at gambling himself, I reckon, for he sure made a killing at the gambling joint one dark night. Then, with only a pale moon for light he started across the old plank walk, knowing the other two marshals were hidden at each

The old Number Twelve came roaring in at 4,800 barrels a day. Mr. Shobe is in the center.



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end. Sure enough, as he reached about the middle of the plank walk he saw a man step out on the end in front and he knew there was probably another behind him. As the two masked robbers took his money, the other two marshals quietly approached the three there in the middle of the walk.

"With guns in their backs the masked men were marched over to the lights at the depot where their masks were removed. It was the Kiefer marshal and his deputy!

"There wasn't any jail in Kiefer in the beginning. Prisoners had to be taken to Red Fork which had a little 10' by 10' brick jail right near the bank. All Kiefer had was a 'jail tree.' Yes sir-ee, they simply chained the prisoner to it till they could make arrangements to get him over to Red Fork.

"But Kiefer grew to a giant of an oil field. Wider and wider the circle of oil spread. Red Fork, the original discovery well, Glen Pool, Jenks, Kiefer, Sand Springs, Tulsa—all were enclosed in a rich magic circle of never-ending streams of black gold.

"Gas flares, burning in the air, made weird flickering lights over the rolling hills and valleys. The old wooden rigs which bored ever deeper into the earth and their derricks looked like the fabled Dragon's Teeth in the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece.

"Small patches of land which had been bypassed for some reason—perhaps because the geologist thought the formation was not right, maybe because the landowner held out for a better price, God only knows why—all these missed places were gone back upon and once again oil spouted up and up against the sky. Money rolled in making untold wealth for dirt farmers who had existed by running a few cows and plowing his few scrawny acres.

"The pumpers, like me and Bob, stayed pretty well on one job but the vast majority of the oilfield workers—drillers, rig builders, tank builders, teamsters, everyone building a new field—were constantly on the move. Wherever their company had a contract that is where they went. This lease, or that field, this week, or month or year, and another the next. Perhaps their move was just over on the next farm, or it could be clear across the country to an entirely new location. They came and they went, but always they were the same. Strong, hardy, khaki-clad, high-booted men with a vision in their eyes. Each man on a rig seemed to take great personal pride in bringing in a good well. Each was bitterly disappointed if it came in a duster.

"OUR FAMILIES were to arrive on August 18. The day before we gave up our tent where we had batched so long we had a picture made of the camp. It was a pretty snug little camp. The jug you can see there by the wash bench was not a 'little brown jug,' it held coal oil. We used it to fill our lamps and to cut grease off our hands. It was also used to clean the muck off our work clothes. A cupful in the wash boiler and those greasy clothes came out clean as a whistle.

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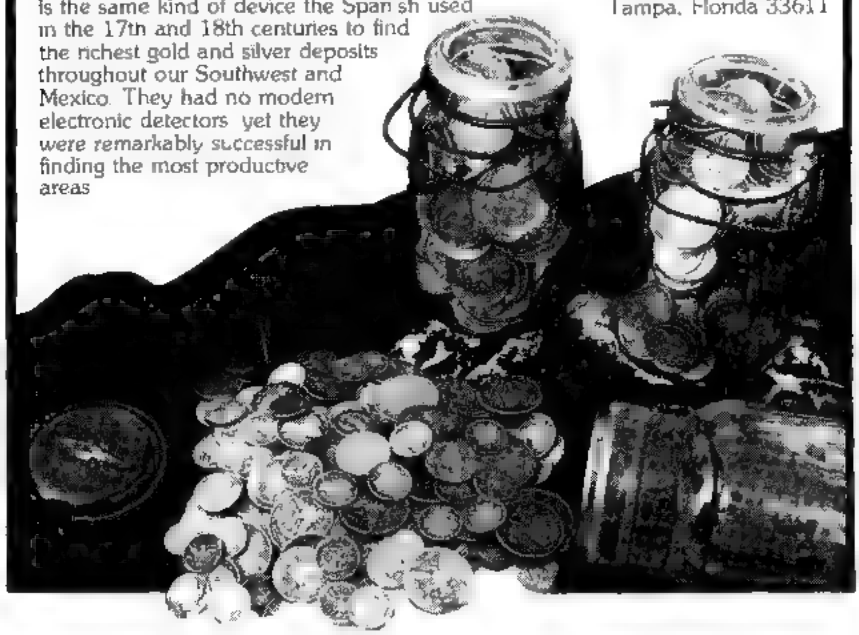

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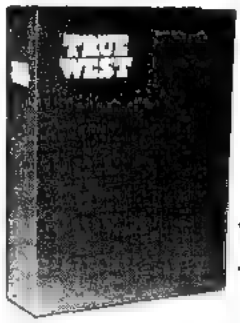

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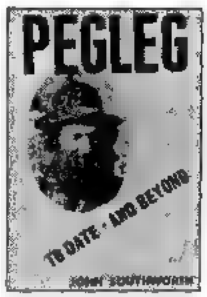

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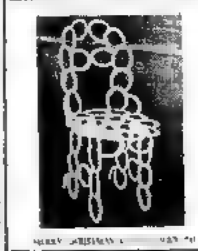

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"The lease houses the company built were nothing to brag about but they were warm and roomy. We spent many happy years there.

"Old faithful Number Twelve continued to pour out her great stream of oil for years, then the flow went down. She is gone now, faded away, drained of her great pushing pool of oil and gas that had lain there for millions of years.

"Kiefer grew somewhat restless as the months passed and the drillers, teamsters, tank builders, graders, and wagons and teams had pushed on to new fields. Only the maintenance men remained, a skeleton crew of what had been. That summer came the big fire.

"She started in one of the greasy spoon cafes from a little thing like a skillet of hot grease. Within moments the building was in flames and the brisk Oklahoma breeze had the flames jumping from building to building. Burning tar paper and thin flaming boards flew through the air like firecrackers on the Fourth of July. Everyone knew from the first few moments that the fire was out of control. Soon it jumped from shack to shack and consumed everything in town. All we could do was back up and watch her burn.

"One two-story building which housed the usual business below and rooms for girls above burst into flames so suddenly that the girls were still asleep upstairs when the exploding roof shook the whole building. The upstairs window shades flew up, and framed in those windows were the women in all stages of dress and undress.

"In one window stood two terrified girls each clinging to the arm of a big burly fellow who evidently was half drunk and half asleep by the way he looked. Grasping the danger in an instant the big fellow grabbed one girl by her nightgown and swiftly lowered her to men below. The second girl came down the same way. The big fellow himself then jumped and landed on his feet as easy as a big cat. He stood there shaking his head for a few seconds to clear away the booze, then laughing uproariously he gathered a girl under each arm and strode off toward another rooming house out of reach of the fire. Looking sort of like a ghost in his long johns, he was a sight I'll never forget as he carried a screaming girl under each arm.

"MANY YEARS passed and as Kiefer became quieter, the merchants began to try to draw trade to the dying town. They gave pulling matches on the main street. Two outfits, each claiming the best pulling teams of the Glen Pool, would pit their teams in a pulling match. It was quite a sight to see those big horses quietly settle into the traces and put their great strength to a slow steady pull. Their bodies would sink lower and lower as they put their powerful muscles into a pull of perfect unison. Bets were made on the match—they bet on the best team; on the team that would hold longest; they bet on anything and everything.

"The oil still flowed, but in ever decreasing amounts. The wells were there but the magic was gone! The wooden derricks which once towered over the land were gone. The gas engines which had echoed with a steady beat were silent now. The ch-rump, ch-rump, ch-rump of the sucker rods were heard no more.

"Soon all these things of our wild and exciting past had been sold for scrap iron. Now only the faint whir of small electric motors can be heard in the still countryside as they pull the oil from Mother Earth. This small amount of oil is all that is left of the great, gushing pools of the past.

"Main Street of Kiefer is Highway 66 now and a sign at the edge of town warns you that the speed limit is 25 miles an hour. Drivers grumble at the slow speed and mutter, 'There's nothing to slow down for!' That's true. Kiefer's days of glory are gone."

Nancy Parker

(Continued from page 23)

place were also built of native white rock. The hearth was built on the floor level and the firebox was small, but Nancy used it for cooking, heating and brewing her teas.

Today the cabin has been restored by the owner and dedicated by the Runnels County Historic Survey Committee. Much of the original cabin remains. It is two feet or more off the ground, which provides a good view of the logs underneath, the sleepers, and general construction. Only six of the original logs have been replaced. A tin roof was added in recent years to preserve the building. Flooring plank now covers the hand-hewn logs, but they are clearly visible from underneath. For more than twenty years this cabin was Nancy's home.

THE PRESENCE of the Rangers brought new life to the frontier. They sought out the Indians and pushed them westward. In 1876 Major John B. Jones wrote Adjutant General William Steele that he believed the frontier was now safe for the westward movement of settlers.

Almost at once a small community came into being near Nancy. Known as Blue Gap at first, the name was changed to Content in 1879 and a few mercantile stores opened up. As the number of people grew, so did their needs. When the word spread that Nancy had doctored the old-timers there, more and more there was a knocking on her door asking for help. She went when the night was dark, when the weather was cold, and when rain was falling. Sometimes she went on foot; other times a wagon or horse was sent for her. It is said that she never accepted a payment and that she never lost a case.

A story is told of an eight-year-old boy who was very ill. His throat was swollen and his temperature ran high. Though by this time a doctor had come to the area, he had been unable to help the boy. Nancy was called with her homemade medications. She remained long hours at his bedside with her poultices and teas. The boy survived.

And Nancy still sewed, accepting whatever her neighbors could afford to give

her. The pay mattered little to Nancy, for she had her log cabin and land she now claimed and her children were growing up.

There was little on a frontier to entertain the young and Nancy's three children often lacked friends their own age. About 1879 a cattle drive came through en route to ranges westward. The drive crossed Nancy's 168 acres and the drovers stopped at her well for water. She offered them hospitality and they pitched camp nearby. One of them, an older man whose name was Simmons, at once was attracted to Nancy's daughter, Bettie.

As the cattle herd settled down for the night so near her cabin, Nancy thought about Simmons and his attention to Bettie. There was no one with whom she could discuss her problem; all she could do was hope the drive would move on in the morning.

To her dismay she learned the next day that the trail boss had decided to stay in the area for a while and pasture the stock on the lush native grasses.

Simmons came to the cabin again and again. It was soon evident that his interest was serious. Bettie responded to the man's attention and soon the couple were married.

Simmons moved on with his herd, with promises to return but leaving young Bettie expecting a child. Once again Nancy was faced with a burden heavy to bear.

She kept busy with the ill in the countryside, continued to go into the woods, and to keep a good supply of her teas for emergencies. She sewed for her new grand-daughter and did all she could for Bettie. She trained her sons, Ben and Daniel, to do work common to pioneer living. They were growing up and were men, in terms of the frontier. Nancy felt she had the land and when she could no longer work she had a home here and two sons to till the soil. The matter of legally claiming her land, however, was still unattended.

Bettie's child was named Sallie. Nancy cared for the new baby and mother along with the other people in the valley. When Sallie was six years old, Nancy learned of a young child whose parents were deceased and who needed a home. The child was Belle Young, and she was brought to live in Nancy's household where the two children became great playmates. But Nancy's life was about to change.

WORD CAME one day that Simmons was dead. On October 1, 1886 Bettie married Frank Reed, and she and Sallie left to make their home with him. Nancy's sons, too, were ready for lives of their own.

As Nancy did her needlework and made her way across the rugged terrain, she found that the trees on the mountains were less visible. Familiar objects nearby took on a blurred image, and when she tried to thread her needle the eye seemed much smaller. As Nancy struggled alone she had to admit that her vision was dimming and there was nothing in her magic bag of herbs to restore sight.

During this crisis in her life it must have been reassuring to think of her land. By selling the farm she could move into the village of Content and provide for herself financially. She had already made the affidavit of occupancy back in 1873, so she felt she had only to apply for a patent to Governor L. S. Ross. The land then would be legally hers and she would have clear title and be able to sell it.

After much red tape in Austin, she learned that eighty acres of the land she lived on could not be patented to her, though her domicile had been there nearly twenty years and she had filed an affidavit. It was decreed that title to the eighty acres in question was vested in and still claimed by the heirs of Carter Anderson. In 1854 her land had been a part of a 1,250-acre Spanish land grant. It had belonged to the heirs of Carter Anderson, a veteran of the Mexican War. Anderson himself had never owned the acreage, but after his death his nine children in 1854 filed for the grant to which their father was legally entitled. It had been allotted them in 1857. The eighty acres which Nancy claimed had belonged to Amos F. Anderson, one of the sons. Public records show that in 1860 he had left the area of Content and had quit-claimed his 1/9 share, (which was the 80 acres) to a niece, Susan Phillips.

When Nancy had learned who legally held the title, she knew that the Phillips woman must be found, but she no longer could pursue the matter; neither could she sell her acres. Ben's wife Mary came to help her. After months of inquiries, letter writing and legal fees, Susan Phillips was located and agreed to quit-claim interest in the eighty acres for $300.

Nancy's land that she had settled was then sold for $900. With a portion of the money she bought a lot in Content. A short time later it was sold, and Nancy's signature on the deed was an X, made by Mary's assisting her and witnessing it. Total blindness had overtaken her.

For many years she had untiringly cared for others. Now the time had come when she must have someone to care for her. He daughter, Bettie Reed, came for her and took her to her home in Kimble County to live out her remaining days. In the wagon Nancy carried an old dresser that had been her treasure. Inside the dresser was a wooden box containing letters written by Nancy to her brother Jack, and his letters in reply. These letters have proven invaluable in research.

Today near the Nancy Parker cabin on Farm Road 382 in Runnels County stands a plaque. It notes the fact that her husband John was a cousin to Cynthia Ann Parker. But those who knew Nancy Parker, or knew the story of her life, know that Nancy made history in her own right. Her cabin stands today to remind visitors who come this way, that more than a century ago a courageous young woman pioneered the way and survived on the Texas frontier before the Rangers came.

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The Brookings

(Continued from page 13)

Bivian managed explosives in the mines and took care of most of the blasting himself, though he was killed in this manner.

Maurice, my youngest brother, lived in Arizona after his service in World War I. He was working in the mines there when he disappeared. All our efforts to locate him were in vain. That was many years ago, so we feel certain now that he is not alive.

WHILE LIVING in White Oaks, all of us young people would get together on Sundays and go up in the mountains for a picnic. Of course, we were chaperoned. We always had Mr. and Mrs. Preston with us. They were a wonderful couple about forty-five years of age, and as full of excitement as the best of us.

Mr. and Mrs. Preston had been placed in the same orphanage when very young. They were adopted by different families, however, and knew nothing of each other until many years later. They met in Colorado and were married, later moving to White Oaks during the boom days. They had been married for twenty years when I became acquainted with them.

The Prestons had no children, were young at heart, and were perfect chaperones—we carried them along with us everywhere. They were always willing to help us in any way they could. Unfortunately, sadness crept into the happiness of our lives when the Prestons decided to investigate their lives before they had been placed in the orphanage. This was quite an expense, but about one year later results were obtained.

We were all on a trip to Old Creaser Mountain one Sunday when our group gradually become aware that the Prestons were depressed. Mr. Preston, especially, was not a happy talkative companion like before and remained somewhat to himself.

Several times during the day tears suddenly appeared in Mrs. Preston's eyes, seemingly without reason. Finally Mr. Preston informed us that it was doubtful if he would be able to attend our outings in the future. He explained that in all probability he would be leaving for Arizona soon.

Upon our arrival in town, Mr. Preston registered at the Ozane Hotel, while some of the girls in the group spent the night with Mrs. Preston. This was strange behavior for such a devoted couple, but we didn't learn the reason until the following day.

I was working at the Ozane Hotel at this time, and a few days later I witnessed the saddest parting of my lifetime when Mr. Preston entered the stage for a one-way journey to Flagstaff.

Mrs. Preston was very lonely without her husband, was not the same person as before. She had lost the lovable girlishness, and was never her old self again. When she spoke of the separation she would only say, "It had to be."

Mrs. Preston received letters from Mr. Preston regularly, though, and about three months later a telegram from a doctor in Flagstaff notified her that her husband was very ill with double pneumonia. She left at once. When she arrived at Mr. Preson's bedside she found him near death, and he lasted only a few hours.

Robert Pitts Brooking at age 17. Taken at Goliad, Texas in 1871.

A telegram was sent to White Oaks by Mrs. Preston with these words: "My brother, George Preston, passed away at 12 o'clock last night."

Upon Mrs. Preston's return to White Oaks, she advised everyone that in case of a marriage such as her own—"Do not make an investigation unless it is done before the wedding."

There were other tragedies in our town. I attended a dance at which candy was distributed to the girls. The candy, I believe, was carried to the dance by soldiers and not local residents. This candy was doped. Mother had always cautioned me not to accept food from strangers, so I didn't eat the candy that was given to me.

This affair caused quite a disturbance, as one of the girls died, one lost her mind, and another was missing. Almost a week later, two of my girlfriends were passing an old deserted hotel there in White Oaks and decided to go inside. They admitted to having feelings of uneasiness when they entered the large delapidated building. As the pair approached the stairway, they saw blood on the lower steps, and what appeared to be female clothing lying upon the floor. My friends hurriedly left the building and made their way to our house where Mother advised them to report the situation to the only lawman we had, a deputy sheriff. The missing girl was located inside the structure, and thereafter every time I passed the old building I was overcome by nervousness.

A storm solved this problem, as the old hotel was blown away. It was strange, because there were small shacks nearby that were left standing. No arrest was ever made for this crime.

It was also around this time that Charlie Ching, the laundryman, was shot inside his place of business about sundown. Two witnesses watched the murderer dart from the establishment, and a man was arrested but came clear; and that crime, too, remained unsolved.

Robert Pitts Brooking at Safford, Arizona about 1931, a couple of years before his death.

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I WAS continually sick during my early childhood, and there was one time I was seriously ill and bedfast for a year. Dad was still with us then, and he was very good to me. It was Dad I called for to turn me over, or to bring to me things I needed. He carried many glasses of water during the dark, cold hours of those dreadful nights. A doctor was finally located who agreed to travel from his hometown of Fort Worth to Seymour to treat me. Dad paid his fare and expenses during his four weeks' stay, and there was also quite a large doctor bill.

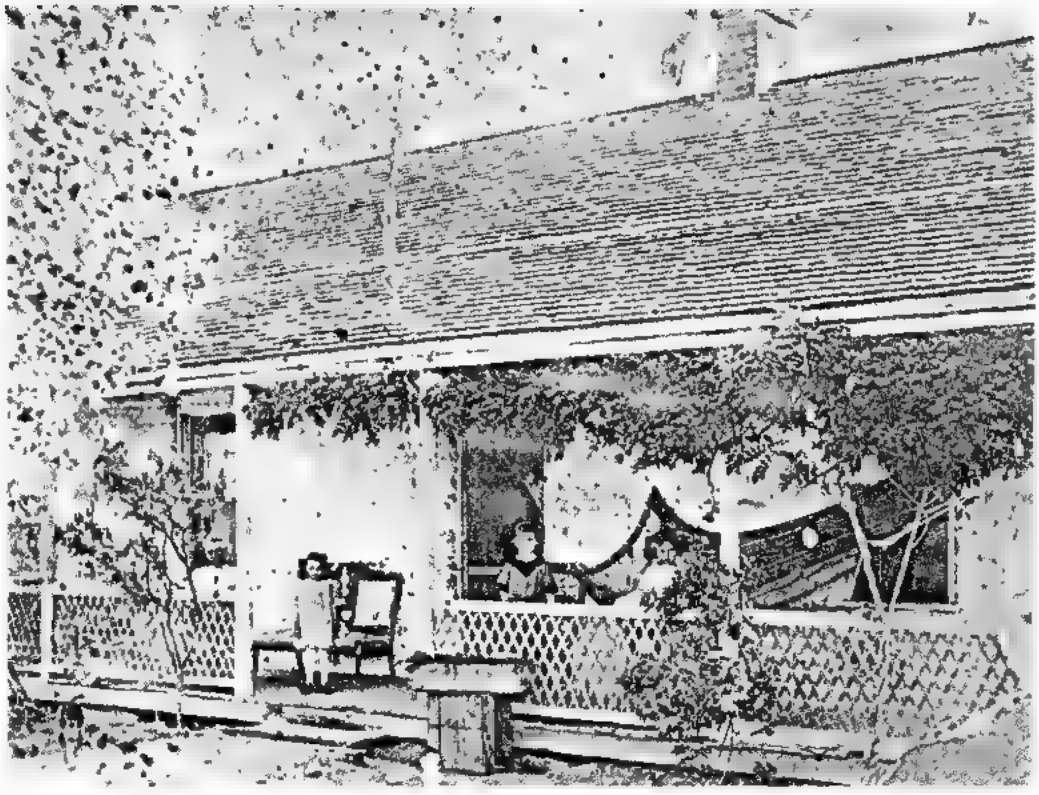
I had pneumonia when I was a little girl; I also suffered with inflammatory rheumatism and St. Vitus Dance. (The most healthy years of my life were after the age of fifty.) The long weeks of suffering were made easier by my father's patient care. When I awoke at night during those times of severe illness, he was always there at my bedside, it seemed, watching over me.

It was a great shock to all of us children when Mother and Dad separated, as we loved them both very much. We never learned what brought the misfortune about; there certainly was never an argument in our presence.

Mother married a Mr. Norton several years after the divorce was granted, but decided it wasn't according to the teaching of the Bible to have two living husbands or wives, so the marriage didn't last. Dad married also, and lived in Arizona until his death from a sudden heart attack in 1933. He was buried in the Safford, Arizona graveyard. Mother was buried in the Carrizozo, New Mexico graveyard in 1922. My brother Robert Pitts Brooking was buried in Kansas, about 1934. Another brother, Bivian, was buried at Ancho, New Mexico about 1928; and Maurice, as I mentioned before, disappeared in Arizona about 1949. Josie and I are the only members of the family who are still alive. She is seventy-six and I am eighty-two.

I met and married Hugh S. Needham at the age of seventeen. We moved to Texas soon afterward. My life after my marriage was ups and downs—though mostly downs. I have lived most of the time on a farm where there were poor crops and hard work. Sometimes the old dwelling we lived in failed even in turning the blowing leaves. We lived hard and we worked hard, but were blessed in some ways, as we raised ten children to be grown and we are proud of them. They are wonderful men and women for the opportunity they had. My children's roughest times were during their childhood—very unlike my own. They say that every dog has his day, so I guess I had my day while a pup.

Of course, I realize that our life of hardships was the fruit of bad management; we never seemed to make a success of anything. If I could live my life over again, how different it would be! I don't mean a complete change, for some of it I wouldn't change at all. But I would have been so much happier if only I could have lived near my mother, to have visited with her more. During the twenty-five years before Mother's death, I only visited her twice. My dad visited me in 1920 and stayed two months with us, but I never saw him again. When I think of him, I remember his kindness and understanding when I was a child—unlike Mother, who grew cross and irritated at times.



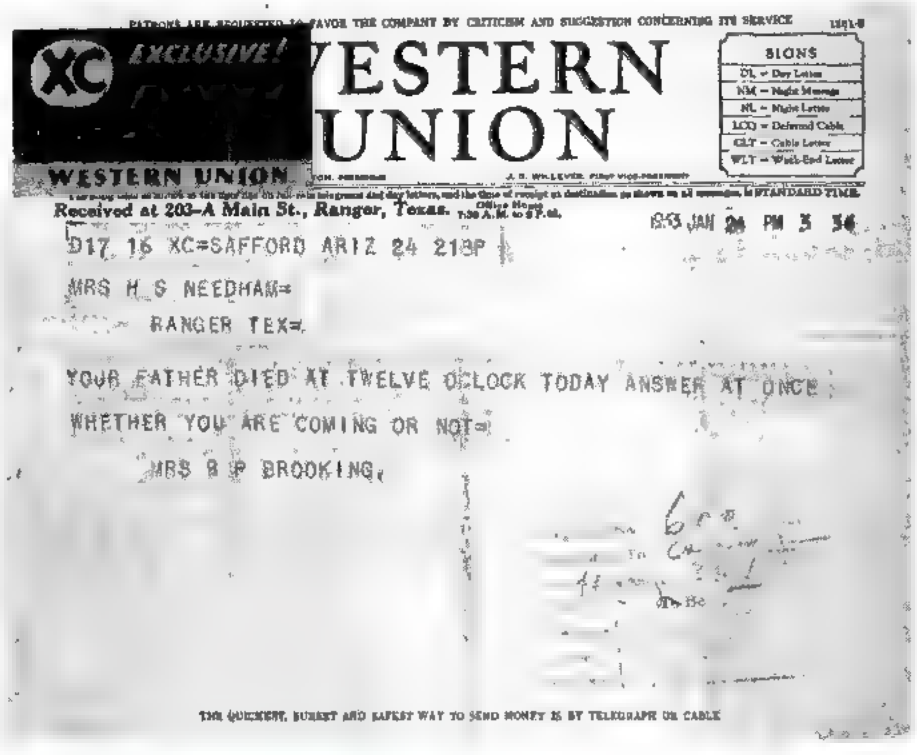
The home of Robert Pitts Brooking at Flagstaff, Arizona.

I will never forget a day when I was very small. I was playing in the sunlight near a window, and Mother's shawl was nearby on a table. Some scissors were also lying there handy. I picked up the scissors and clipped several tassels from the shawl. This made Mother mad to the boiling point.

"Since you have cut off some of the tassels—go ahead and cut off the rest of them!" she scolded.

I couldn't understand this. If she was mad because I had cut off some of the tassels, why tell me to cut off the rest of them? Mother was getting ready to

The telegram sent to the author informing her of her father's death.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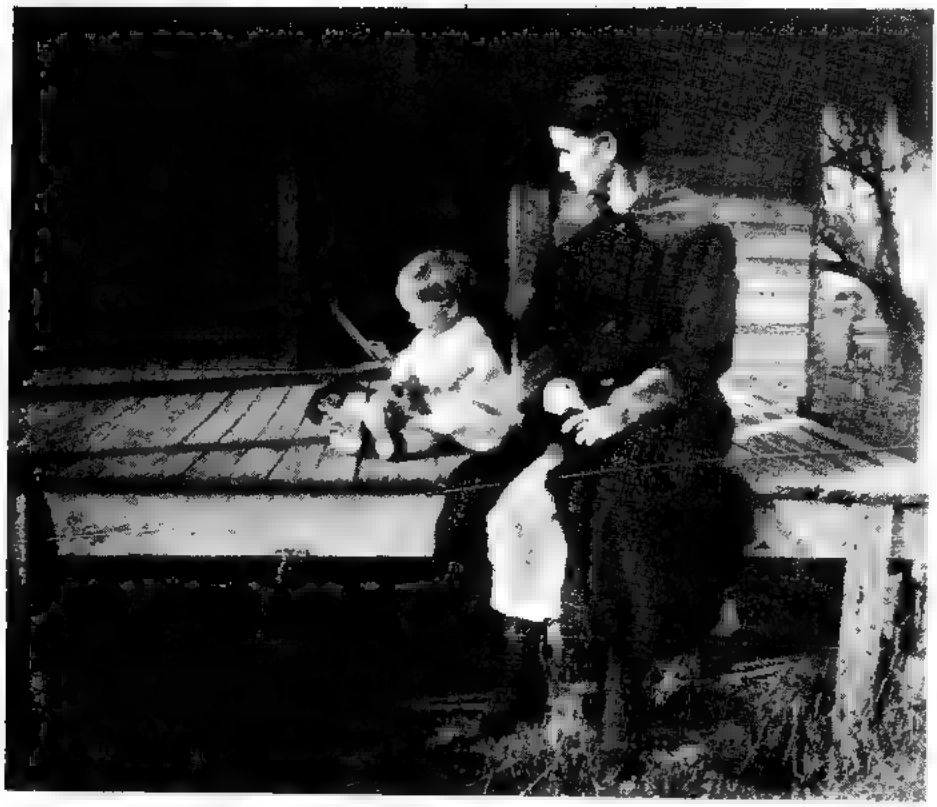
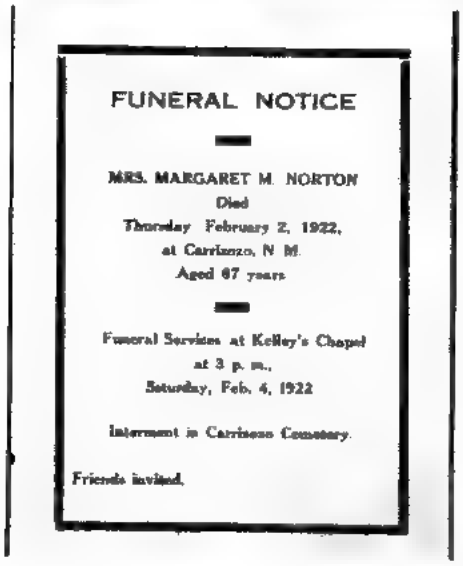


Above, the author and her young daughter, Doodie.

At left, funeral notice of Mrs. Margaret M. Rose (Brooking) Norton.



FUNERAL NOTICE

MRS. MARGARET M. NORTON
Died
Thursday February 2, 1922,
at Carrizozo, N. M.
Aged 67 years

Funeral Services at Kelley's Chapel
at 3 p. m.,
Saturday, Feb. 4, 1922

Interment in Carrizozo Cemetery.

Friends invited.

whip me because I refused to cut off the rest of the tassels when Dad took me by the hand and said, "Come on, Julia, let's go for a walk."

He led me outside where he explained to me the reason that I should clip away the rest of the tassels. We then returned to Mother, and I finished the job she had ordered me to do.

The End

The following letter was found among Julia's keepsakes after her death. It was from her father, and when one reads it one gets the impression of a tired, overworked man—not yet without hope, but with few illusions.

Bowie Arizona
July 27, 1923

Mrs. H. S. Needham
Route 1
Ranger, Texas
My Darling Daughter,

I received your letter two weeks ago and have had no chance to send an answer (to post office). I am here on the ranch alone. I can't get a reliable man to take care of it short of $2.50 per day and board and that is too expensive. I have to water the stock from a well and must be there my entire time. This is the hardest time I have ever seen in Arizona. The ground has not been wet on this place for two years. Stock are dying bad and no place to move them. I have another ranch in the Grand Mountains and fear things are no better there. My wife writes that it is bad also. We now live at Artesia, Arizona. We opened a store there in February. She looks after it, I have not been home in over two months and don't know how she is doing with it but we were doing very well when I left.

Two days later

I have been down looking over the bees. They are starving. Nothing is doing any good but it will come my way later. There is a big cloud hanging over now and lots of thunder. It may rain and if so, I will go over home in the next few days.

Five days later

It has come. Washed one-quarter mile of fence off. Filled up one well. Changed the channel of the creek. It would take a long talk to tell all about it but that is Arizona—too much or too none. Well, as quick as I can get things in order here I am going over home for a while. I will get your answer at Artesia or Bowie, either place. Write me how you all are and what is doing.

R. P. Brooking

Below, Julia Rose and H. S. Needham.

Below, Julia Rose and "Puffin," the family pet.

Below, Maurice Brooking (Robert Pitts Brooking's son).

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 27)

and fought it, making him a hard animal to handle. He went on a rampage in Sedro Woolley, Washington and wrecked a few buildings before he was captured. He was later sold to a Seattle man and put on exhibit in a small tent behind the man's cafe located between Tacoma and Seattle. Later on the Humane Society ordered him destroyed.

I trouped on many of the circuses: Al G. Barnes, Campbell Brothers, Sells Floto, Paterson Gentry. It was an experience that I would not have missed. I am now a retired U.S.A.F. bandleader and I would like to hear from some of the old band troupers.—Guy (Roy) Stone, 308 Mesquite, Amarillo, Texas 79108

More on McNatt

Many thanks for publishing my letter concerning Mr. Thomas McNatt in a recent issue. Through efforts such as yours and some news articles, a descendant of Mr. McNatt was found.

She is Mrs. Helen N. Selva of Aloha, Oregon, the great-great-granddaughter of Mr. McNatt and his only direct descendant. Among the documents to prove her relationship is a deed to the gravesite of which you have a photograph, and which lies near the north bank of the Columbia River, about a mile west of North Bonneville, on the proposed site of a new power plant undertaken by the Army Corps of Engineers. The following is a quote given to the *Oregonian*, a newspaper here in Portland, by Mrs. Selva.

"For many years we have assumed Great-great-grandfather McNatt was buried under Bonneville Dam. My late grandfather, Carl W. Poole of Port Angeles, Washington, once drove us to North Bonneville. He pointed to the dam and said, 'Skook (that was his pet name for me), your great-great-grandfather is buried underneath that dam.' Grandfather Poole said he had received a letter from the Corps of Engineers in 1934 asking what disposition to make of Great-great-grandfather McNatt's grave. Grandfather Poole finally told them to go ahead and dig it up or bury it. He thought the dam was being built on top of the grave site."

From latest reports the corps, subject to Mrs. Selva's approval, plans to leave the grave undisturbed and create an historic site that will include remnants of the grade of the old portage railway, with which I am very familiar, having walked it many times in my search for the old army garrison at the Lower Cascades.

Quoting further the article that appeared in the *Oregonian* concerning the gravesite: "Handwritten documents hand ed down to Mrs. Selva show that Thomas McNatt had bought an acre of land on the banks of the river at the 'lower cascades' from Bolivar B. Bishop for $100 before his death on May 9, 1861. His widow, Ellen Jane, sold the land to Thomas Moffett of Cascades, Washington Territory, June 27, 1861 for $75—except for 40 feet to form a square around that part where the grave of her late husband, Thomas McNatt, is situated.

"Mrs. Selva still holds the title to that 160-square-foot plot of land in the midst of an area owned by the Washington State Fish and Game Department. Among the papers she inherited from her grandfather is a copy of the family Bible with dates of births, deaths and marriages, a picture of her great-great-grandmother and a story written by her great-great-grandmother that reads like the wildest of Wild West stories!

"Married to McNatt at the age of fourteen in Agency City, Iowa, Mrs. McNatt and her husband started west with a wagontrain of twenty-eight ox teams and about one hundred persons on May 1, 1852. She nearly died of Asiatic cholera, which killed scores of emigrants; a band of Indians held a musket to her head, demanding food; the train escaped massacre by a war party of five hundred Indians by giving the Indians most of their supplies.

"Near Fort Hall on the Snake River in Idaho her clothes caught fire, burning her so severely that for two years she had to carry her arm in a sling.

"When they got to the Grand Ronde Valley in Oregon they found a dying man beside the road and gave him their place in the wagon while they walked the couple of hundred miles from there to The Dalles. They finally reached Portland by steamer October 9, 1852 and spent their last dollar for a meal. In 1854 they moved to the Lower Cascades, where in 1855 they built a hotel in spite of the fact that they lived in constant dread of Indian massacres.

"On March 26, 1856 Mrs. McNatt ran a mile with her baby in her arms to escape the Fort Rains massacre two days later. Her husband stayed to help defend the families who remained behind. Finally he and a dozen other men took to a light, flat-bottomed boat which caught in an eddy in the river.

"By this time a war party of Indians was firing at them with muskets, striking the man next to McNatt in the hip. One musket ball sheared off the long locks on one side of McNatt's head. 'Like many a pioneer he wore his hair long,' his widow said.

"Another ball grazed his wrist. The keg of butter on which he sat was struck by five lead balls. Sixteen whites, including one woman, were killed in the Indian attacks, while sixteen Indians were later hunted down and killed by volunteers, including McNatt. Five years later McNatt passed away of lingering consumption."

The thrilling story of the Indian war at the Cascades of which Mr. McNatt was a part was published in your October 1964 TRUE WEST magazine. That issue is Volume 12, No. 1, whole Number 65. The article is entitled "Battle of the Cascades" by Mr. George B. Abdill, noted historian and author of many books dealing with railroading. His story was a vivid account of what those early-day pioneers faced when they settled in the Pacific Northwest.—A. R. Leichner, 121 S. E. 199th Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97233

THE LONG HUNTER

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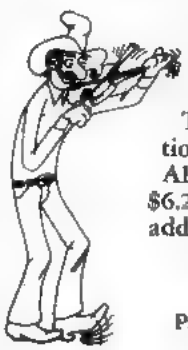

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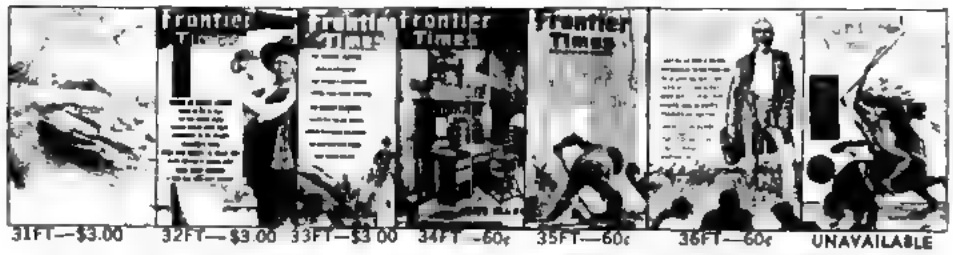

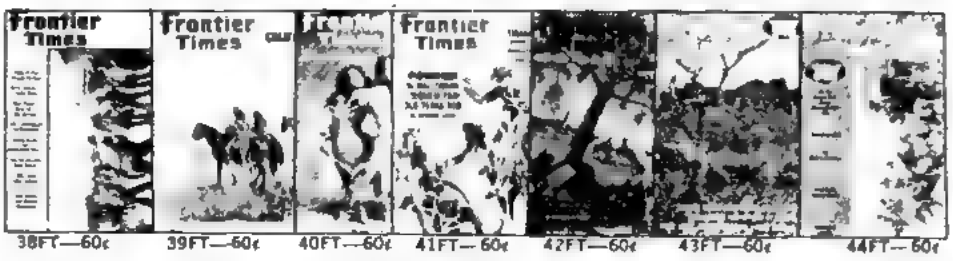

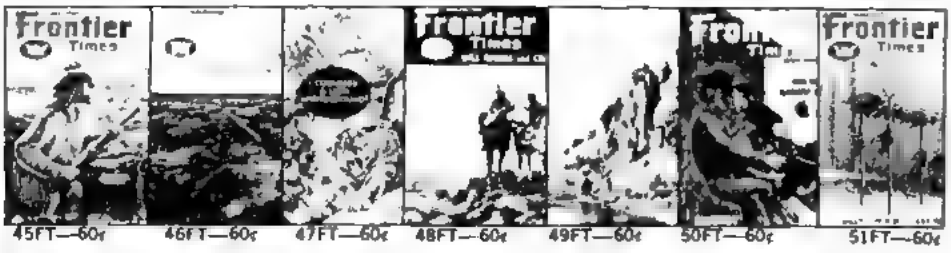

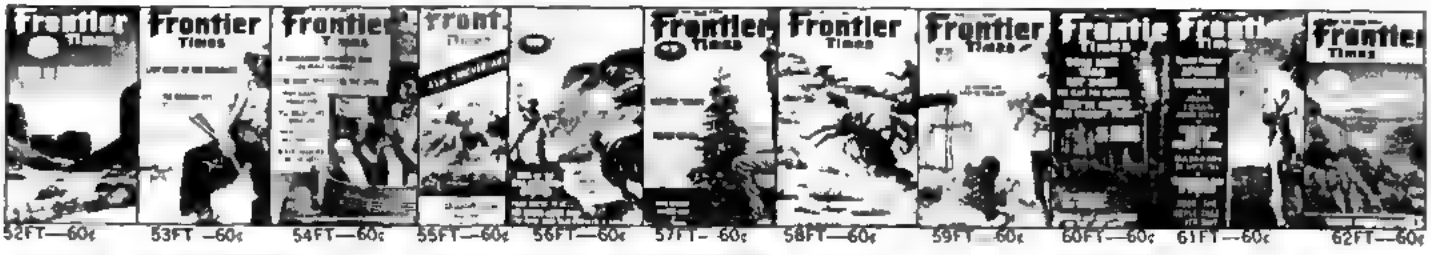

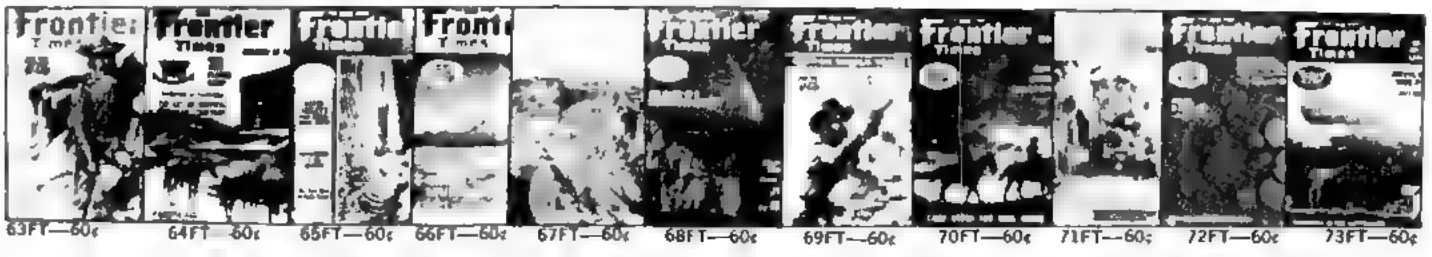

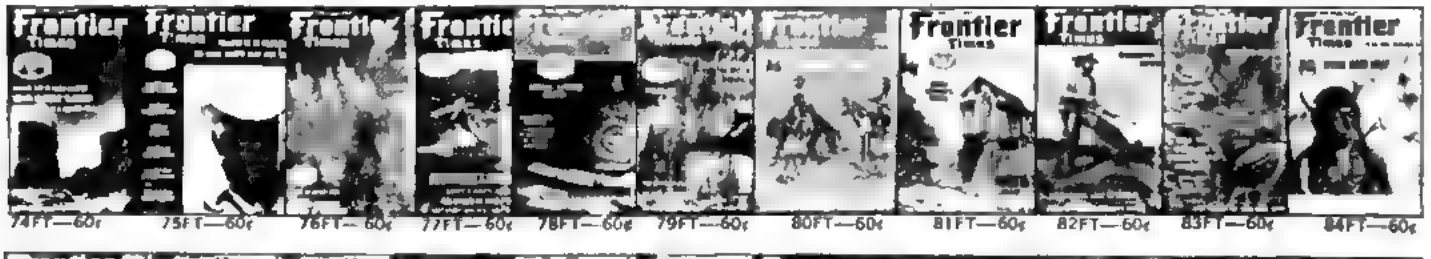

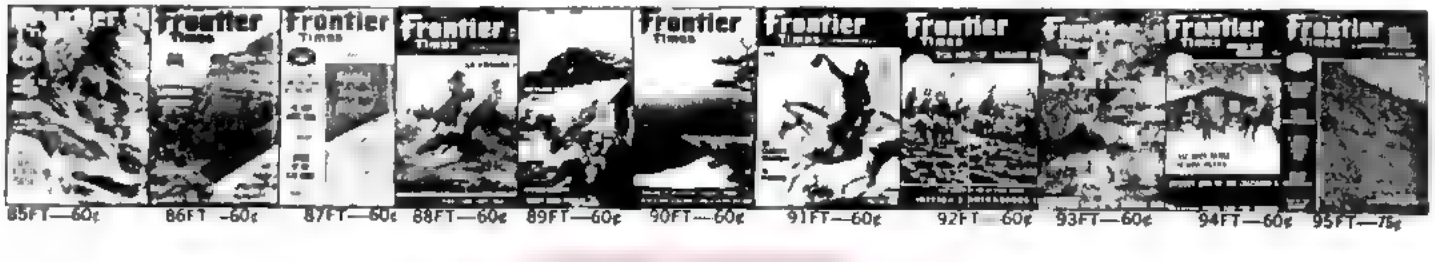

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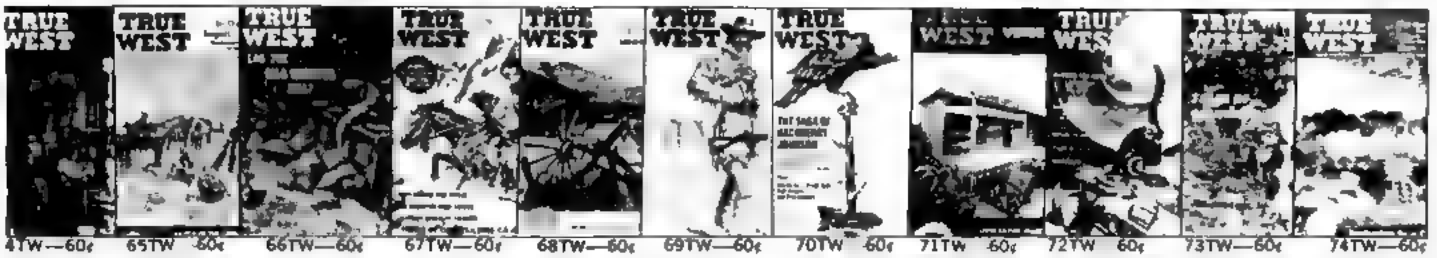

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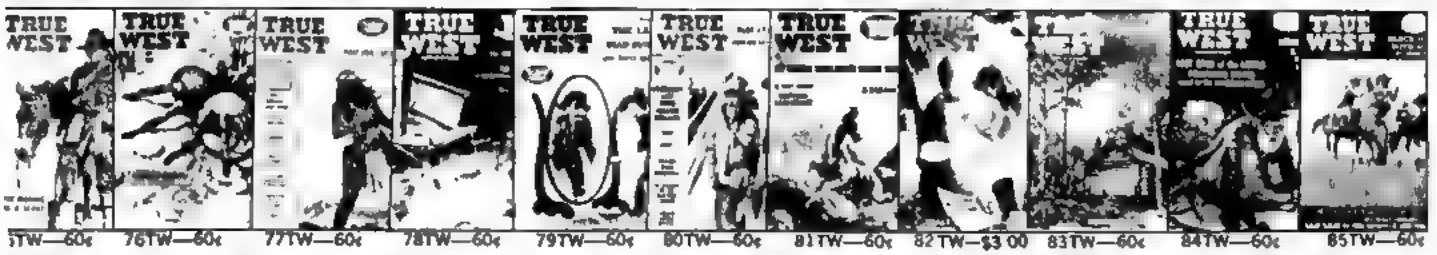

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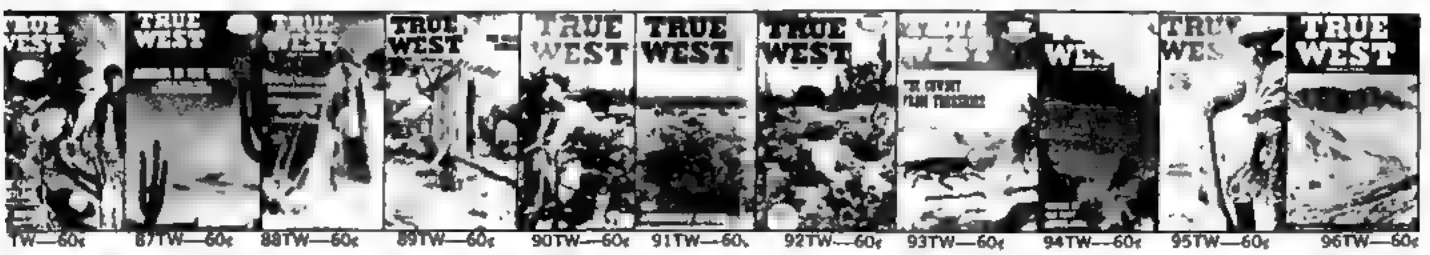

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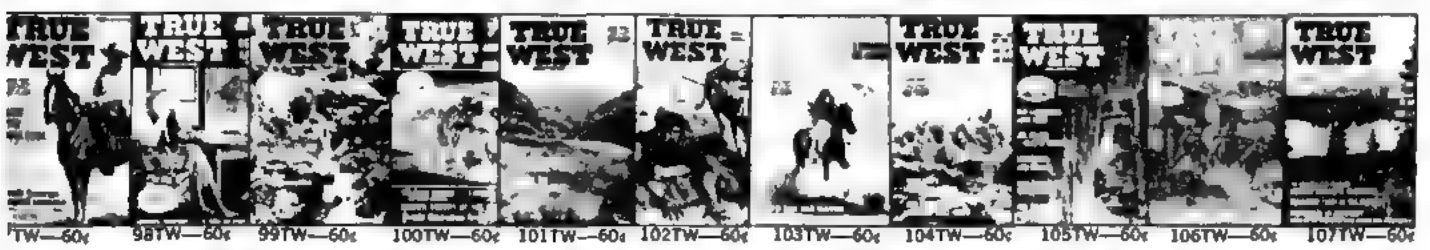

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OLD WEST back issues

next page

OLD WEST WAREHOUSE SALE!

See preceding pages for details and prices on our Warehouse Sale bargains — ✶SAVE OVER 50%

R.I.P. Henry Wickenburg

(Continued from page 31)

From the *Arizona Gazette* of May 15, 1905, page 1, we learn: "He lived with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Holland in his last years and his property was deeded to Mrs. Holland." Yet, after considering the wording of his deed to Helene Holland, it seems that Henry Wickenburg was willing and able to provide for himself. There was a provision that he, Wickenburg, would "reserve exclusive right to sell town lots during my lifetime and execute and transfer deeds, therefore, in my own name and without the signature of the above named grantee [Helene Holland] or anyone else and retain the monies received, therefore, for my own use and benefit."

Those words indicate that Henry Wickenburg was of sound mind, desired to protect his estate while he lived that he might be self-sufficient.

The deed (dated February 24, 1903, from the Arizona Abstract and Title Company, Phoenix; F. X. O'Brien) burned in the Wickenburg Museum fire on December 24, 1972. That museum, incidentally, reopened last December 21, a few blocks from the old Wickenburg residence, the present Boetto home at South Washington Street.

Speculation as to whether Wickenburg pulled the trigger of his personal 1848 Colt revolver found by his side or whether his death was murder, will probably continue. "There was a bullet wound in his right temple" was the report in the *Arizona Journal Miner* of May 16, 1905, page 5, columns 3-4. A child of the Etter family who now resides in Sedona, Arizona, found the body. Town recorder Henry Cowell (1852-1928), who lies entombed near the Wickenburg grave, reported Wickenburg's death as "killed"—wording which might suggest murder.

However, such speculation is not our purpose. Instead, we borrow what we feel would be an apropos excerpt of poetry from Wickenburg's German contemporary, poet and dramatist, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, and use it here as an epitaph on a gravestone which bears none:

"Ja, ich bin zufrieden,
Geh' es wie es will,
Unter meinem Dache
Leb' ich froh und still.
Mancher Tor hat alles
Was sein Herz begehrt
Doch ich bin zufrieden—
Das ist Goldes wert."

"Yes, I am satisfied,
No matter how it goes,
Under my roof
I live happily and quietly
Many a fool has everything
That his heart desires
But I am content—
That is worth gold."

Rest in peace, Henry Wickenburg.

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Powell

I am interested in corresponding with relatives of the following families: Powell, Vandergrist, Norvell, Drumheller, Garngins and Hawkins.

I am especially interested in finding out about a Confederate officer in the Civil War named Powell, first name unknown. He was a native of Virginia.—Robin L. Powell, 2410 Berkshire Road, Apt. 38, Charlottesville, Virginia 22901

Missouri and Michigan Families

My family surnames are Borders, Null, Smith, Verden, Corey and Henckel, all of Missouri during the 1800s and early 1900s. My sixth cousin, was said to have married Jesse Edwards James, son of the famous bandit. I am interested in knowing from which family, her full name, the year they married, where they lived, etc.

David G. and Sopha A. Verden Borders had children: William; James; Daniel; Bertha O.; Mary E.; Henery C.; Thomas J.; and Margret M. David died about 1906. He had served in the Civil War. Does anyone know about the family of Sopha?

Barney and Melvin J. Corey came from England, settled in Indiana where Barney served with the volunteers of Indiana during the Civil War. Children of his first wife were Charles M., born in the 1870s; Maud; and Lettie. Barney next married Minnie or Mintie Henckel around 1890 in Missouri. They had two children: Herbert, my grandfather, born January 1892; and Edith. They lived and farmed at Greenbrier, Bollinger County. After Barney's death, Mintie married a Mr. Harlem and died in Texas in 1945.

My great-grandfather, John Wesley Null, Jr., was born at Lutesville, Bollinger County, May 1873. His mother's name was either Barbara, Pegalin, or Peggy Smith, who died at his birth. Peggy and her husband were both born at Marble Hill. The infant was raised by Levi and Margret Malinda Smith. John Wesley married Bertha O. Borders in Bollinger County, August 9, 1891. They farmed at Greenbrier until John's death in 1913. My grandmother, Minnie A. Null, was the eldest of their six children. She was born November, 1894.

I would also like to have information and names of the 53 families of Dutch settlers in Michigan in 1846. They bought 1,000 acres and called it Holland. They were followed by 457 more refugees from the Netherlands who bought another section five miles east of Holland and named it Zeeland. What were the dates they came, their names and those of their ships? My great-grandmother Celia or Sena Oosting married Abraham Isreal Thompson in Holland, Michigan, June 30, 1891. They had one child, Joseph Abraham, 1892. Joe married my grandmother, Tena or Teitja Van Dyke in March 1911. Grandmother's family, Yebele and Sietske Fisbeek Van Dyke, came from the Netherlands and settled in Holland sometime in the 1880s. Their children were George, Nick, Frank, Smitty, Teitje (Tena) and Genevieve. I believe only the boys were born in the Netherlands. Teitja (Tena) was born in Holland, Michigan, April 15, 1892 or 1894.

A Fraunce or France Van Dyke died sometime in the 1890s. I'd like to know more on that and also about the Nickoleous and Sietska Fisbeek family.

I would like to exchange correspondence with all who think we might be related and on any of these family histories.—Donna M. Johnson, P. O. Box 443, Pomeroy, Washington 99347

Francis-Bryant-Hosker-Moody

I am trying to locate these folks, or anyone who knows anything about them: Gordon Francis, Walter and Bertie Bryant, Red Hosker and Myrtle Moody. Any information will be appreciated.—J. H. Hart, Box 333, Magdalena, New Mexico 87825

LaFayette-Lafayette-Holland

James LaFayette or Lafayette was born in Montreal, Canada, June, 1786. Who were his parents? James married May Holland May 30, 1819 at Hartford, Connecticut. They had two children: James, born December 31, 1831 in Davis County, Illinois; and John, birthplace and date unknown.

I would like to know who Mary's parents were and where they were born. The first James served five years in the War of 1812. He was a Private in the First United States Infantry from June 15, 1814 to June 14, 1819. The second James married Elizabeth Conway or Clevanger, place and date unknown. Their children were the following: James Roy, born June 19, 1860 in Jackson County, Iowa; William, Born November 13,?; Wesley, born April 6, ?; Anna, born 1874; and Ella, born January 19, 1878 in Maquoketa, Iowa.

James Roy married Laura Damon—when, where, and who were Laura's parents? Laura died in childbirth. James Roy then married Caroline Druzilla Heath. Caroline was born December 12, 1867 in Illinois, but where? And who were her parents?

If anyone can answer any of these questions, I will be very grateful and all letters will be answered.—John L. Sorlie, Jr., 2336 Roth Place, White Bear Lake, Minnesota 55110

Zanco

I would appreciate information regarding my countryman, Charles Zanco, born 1808 in Denmark, who died during the defense of the Alamo in Texas in 1836.—Kaj Andersen, Stolemagerstien 24, 3., 2300 Copenhagen S. Denmark

Anderson-Potter

My great-grandfather, John William Anderson, and his wife, Elizabeth Ann Stark Anderson, daughter of Enoch Stark and born in North Carolina in 1792, came West by covered wagon. With them were four of their children, one of whom was William Clarence Anderson who eventually would found the Anderson Barngrover Food Machinery Corporation now known as FMC, the Food Machinery Corporation. On May 11, 1869 John Anderson was thrown from the mower he was operating in the Montezuma Hills near Rio Vista and was so badly wounded that he died within hours, leaving his widow with seven small children. She survived and raised not only her children but those of widower John Kirk of Linden, California. This much is known of John Anderson and his family, and it is said that Elizabeth Ann was a descendant of General John Stark.

It has also been said that there was a sister of John Anderson who married a man named Potter, and they had a son, Ben. They were believed to have resided in or near Chico, California. I would appreciate hearing from anyone knowing of family histories of the Andersons of Clay and Greene Counties of Indiana, beginning in 1829, or the Potter family of or near Chico, California.—Carroll R. Anderson, 1261 Coolidge Avenue, Tracy, California 95376

Gillock-McAdow

Sometime between 1850 and 1855, Reuben S. Gillock left his wife, Rebecca, and their four children in Albermarle County, Virginia and "went West." He was never heard from again. Did he die on the road? Did he join relatives in Kentucky, Missouri, or Illinois who had gone West earlier? Did he take up with someone else and raise a second family? I'd be glad to hear from anyone who could offer a clue to my great-great-great-grandfather's disappearance.

Family legend says that my husband's great-grandfather, Dr. Samuel McAdow, 1833-1909, gave medical treatment to members of the rival gang of the James gang. Dr. McAdow was born in Kentucky and lived in Platte, Buchanan and Nodaway Counties, Missouri, and also in Omaha, Nebraska for a time. Can anyone shed some light on the truth of this story?—Mrs. Richard F. Humphrey, 2120 Chase Avenue, Waynesboro, Virginia 22980

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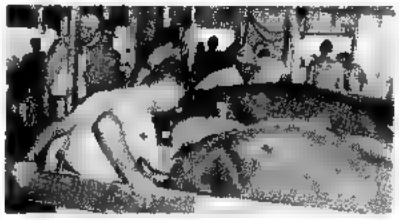

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Forgery in Old San Francisco

(Continued from page 8)

sonal bravery were incredible. He had discovered and nipped in the bud a Chinese attempt to tunnel into and burglarize a local bank. He had fought off riots, broken up brawls, and once captured a notorious thug by subduing him with a crutch since Lees' leg was in a cast at the time. In his many shooting scrapes with badmen, his closest shave was when a man he had arrested placed a pistol to Lees' chest and fired five times. Luckily the slugs barely penetrated his skin, running around his side and coming out at the back. Bleeding profusely and thinking he was dying, Lees still jailed his assailant before seeking aid.

Highly intelligent and patient, Lees never gave up on a case and although it was often years before he tracked down some criminals, he usually got his man. He seldom missed a clue and he followed leads with an endless and dogged determination. The old detective was over sixty-five years of age at this time, but his secretary once commented that "he worked harder than any one of us—and we were half his age, too!"

AS banker Kavanaugh gushed forth the news that his bank had been swindled, he couldn't help but notice the striking appearance of the old man who listened to him with an intensity he had seldom witnessed before. Lees had a full, white mustache blending into a goatee, and a great unruly head of matching white hair. His glasses rested far down on his nose and he clenched a long cigar in his teeth. He was as handsome as an actor, with a manner that was gruff and to the point.

"Billy," Lees called out to his secretary, "go tell any of the detectives outside to hang around as I will need them shortly, then come in here and get down every word Mr. Kavanaugh has to say."

After the banker told all he knew of Dean and his activities, he thanked the Captain of Detectives and left. Lees leaned back in his chair and watched as his clouds of cigar smoke obscured the ceiling. In a few moments his detective force was before him and he was ordering the men to collect testimony at the two banks and seal off all exits from the city, although he felt that the thieves were long gone.

"Wire the Pinkertons, Billy. They represent the American Banking Association and should be apprised of everything we know so far. We'll be needing them later, I'm sure."

Pulling on his overcoat, Lees looked over his notes while waiting for Heyneman's return. In a short time the detective captain was striding from his office with his secretary galloping behind. Hailing a cab, the two men were dropped off at the Chronicle building where they barged into Dean's former office.

Everything was just as Dean had left it—even to a mousy secretary still sitting around waiting for something to do. Other than a description, there was little to be obtained from the girl and since she hadn't been paid in some time, Lees quietly slipped her several gold coins. Soon he was talking to the building superintendent, then the elevator operator, and the owner of the place where the typewriter had been rented. Lees and his secretary then headed for the bank where more interviews were conducted.

Heyneman had taken down everything said and at the end of the day had a great pile of notes. The investigating detectives had added more information and by seven o'clock that night Heyneman was busy typing up some fifty descriptions that had been gathered. When finished he brought the stack of papers into Captain Lees' office. The old detective grunted and looked up after puffing on his cigar.

Newspaper sketches of Creegan and Becker as they appeared when captured.

"As you no doubt noticed, Billy, Dean wore a variety of disguises in his dealings and most of these descriptions just don't add up. Get out of here now and lock the door behind you. I'm going to try and make some sense out of all this and I don't want to be bothered while I'm at it!"

Hunching over his desk, Lees pored over the descriptions, comparing, checking and eliminating until he had picked out most of the obvious features of the disguises. Still he worked on with a patience which he knew to be the key to solving any crime. When he came out two hours later, he had his own mental picture of the criminal.

"His composite description of Dean," Heyneman was to recall later, "was a marvel in its absolute correctness of every feature of Dean as I later knew him."

Going to his Rogue's Gallery, Lees scanned page after page before suddenly stopping and pointing to a photo.

"This fellow Becker has the background for an operation of this type, Billy," Lees said. "Better get on the wire and give Pinkertons what we have to date. I want a sketch made up from my description of Dean, too. Attach it to a printed description and send it to every banking institution here and abroad."

Heyneman disappeared while Lees returned to other pressing matters. There was nothing to be done now but wait for a break. In the interim there were other crimes to be solved—other mysteries to unravel.

IT WAS shortly after Lees' description had been circulated that a telegram arrived from the St. Paul, Minnesota police. An alert bank teller had posted the description just inside his cage and had spotted Dean as he stood in line waiting to open an account. Calling the police, the teller had Dean arrested and held. Not long afterward McCluskey was picked up in a Minneapolis bank. Both men were returned to San Francisco and Lees had the break he had been waiting for.

Using the name Frank Seaver, Dean was brought face to face with Lees in March 1896. Smooth-shaven now and immaculately dressed, Dean looked more like a doctor or lawyer than a thief. He smiled sarcastically at Lees' initial, routine questions.

"Oh no, Captain, no third degree for me. I'll rot here before you'll get anything from me. You can't prove a thing and even if you make me out to be Dean, I'll stand pat. I know my record is against me, but I don't have to prove my innocence; *you* have to prove I'm guilty."

"That's all right," replied Lees. "One of these days soon you and I are going to have a matinee all by ourselves—one of those regular Ella Wheeler Wilcox heart-to-heart talks. You understand? Then we'll reach some conclusions. I'm not worrying, old boy."

"Neither am I, Captain. When you get me to admit anything I don't want to, I'll shake you by the hand and admit you're a sorcerer, all right. How about hypnotism? I've been reading about that ploy lately—want to try it on me?"

Lees smiled as he blew another cloud of smoke toward the ceiling. "No, I won't need hypnotism for you. I'll rely solely on my knowledge of you and your kind. I'll get you just as surely as you're standing there, and I'll accept your compliment or title when the time comes, too. By the way, is there anything I can do for you downstairs?"

"Now that you mention it, I would like a hot bird and a cold bottle. The cuisine here is hardly to my taste. However, it'll have to do for awhile, I fancy." Dean laughed mirthlessly.

"It'll have to do for a long while, Frank, unless . . ." The detectives eyes burned into Dean.

The confidence man had time for one more disdainful glance before being hustled from the room.

Leaning back in his chair Lees blew another cloud of smoke and smiled as he planned his attack. He knew he would ultimately win. The sessions would begin early the next morning.

In an age of harsh and abusive third degree methods, Lees utilized a different approach when questioning criminals. He was a student of human nature and knew the criminal mind as few men have before or since. In addition, he had the patience to spend hours and days to get what he wanted.

Conversing as an equal and talking on a variety of subjects, Lees could soon make a prisoner feel at ease. He would speak of his youth, of some of his celebrated cases and even of serious mistakes he had made. He would laugh uproariously at himself and before long the prisoner would feel relaxed enough to remember some of his own experiences and to talk of them. As a feeling of intimacy developed, the real purpose of the meeting was forgotten somewhat.

Lees' concern for people was genuine. He really felt compassion for the thieves, murderers and thugs he came in contact with and knew full well that many of them might have turned out differently but for a cruel early life or other circumstances. He always helped them when he could and his old photo albums contained numerous empty spaces where he had removed mug shots of men trying to go straight.

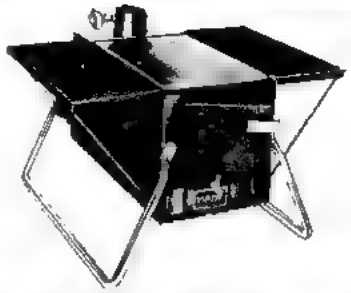
When Lees' subject was no longer nervous and on guard, the detective would deftly begin shifting the talk closer to the matter in which he was interested. Cautiously, little by little, Lees would lead the conversation closer to the crime. So skillful was he that the criminal rarely was aware of what was happening, but instead would suddenly find himself baring his soul to his inquisitor. Heyneman or an officer were always secreted behind a door to take down all pertinent conversation.

"No practicing lawyer," recalled Heyneman, "whose cross-examinations I have listened to in court could approach Lees in this respect."

EARLY the next morning Dean was brought in. After offering a cigar, Lees lit one for himself and began the interrogation with a speech which varied little over the years.

"How are you this morning, Frank? Did you rest well? Now listen carefully

BEST COOKER! BEST WARMER!



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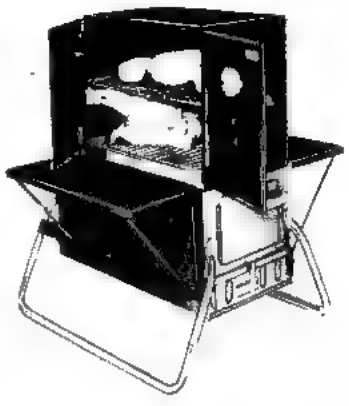

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to me. I'm going to have a long talk with you and I want you to understand one thing; every word you say to me, every sentence you utter, is going to be taken down and, if necessary, used against you at your trial. I'm going to be square with you from the beginning and then you'll be square with me too, eh?"

Slowly, carefully, the old detective began his subtle probing, and before long even the wary Dean was recounting various adventures he had experienced in European prisons. At times the two men laughed together as if they were old friends.

When Lees would skirt some incriminating issue, however, Dean would only smile arrogantly. "Now look, Captain, you're talking to someone who has been locked up with prefects of police in France, Scotland Yard inspectors in England, and officers in both Scotland and Russia. One more session with you doesn't mean a thing."

Lees would just smile and divert the conversation. The old detective was friendly and always courteous, but Heyneman could sense the great strain he was under. Dean would steer the talk away from anything incriminating, but Lees kept up the pressure. It was an unrelenting duel of wits.

"First Lees would have the advantage," recalled Heyneman, "then the turn would be the prisoner's. The third day was the last. Every game has its climax and this was a most exciting one."

When Dean came into Lees' office that last day, both the detective and Heyneman noticed a difference. The cocky manner was gone. The prison diet hadn't agreed with this man used to eating in the finest restaurants, and the hard cot in his cell hadn't been conducive to rest. He was tired and the lack of spirit was beginning to show in his eyes.

Lees caught all this at a glance. Carefully he again began working the conversation toward the subjects he was most interested in—swindling, forging and particularly the events of last December. As if leading Dean down a tortuous path, Lees nudged, coaxed and suggested.

Suddenly it was all over. With hardly a change of expression Lees listened as the story of the fraud was related in every detail. When Dean had finished, the old detective stood up and expressed his thanks. He assured Dean that his confession would be taken into consideration at the trial. Dean smiled weakly at Lees as he shook his hand.

"You are a sorcerer, Captain," he said, as he was led away.

LEES had meanwhile been working with Robert Pinkerton and the men now concentrated on Becker and Creegan. Dean was small potatoes—it was Becker, the scratch, whom Lees really wanted. Early in May Pinkerton wired that both Becker and Creegan had been picked up. Detectives immediately headed east with extradition papers and soon all five of the forgery party were in police custody.

At the trial Becker and Creegan not only protested their innocence but maintained they had not been in California at the time of the crime. However the testimony of porters, hotel men, hack drivers, and others revealed to the jury enough of the men's movements to incriminate them. They were found guilty in August 1896, but were granted a new trial to be held the following December.

Before the second trial could be held, both men broke down and confessed. Only McCluskey escaped prison for lack of evidence, but he died within a few years. Dean received a two-year sentence and reportedly led a lawful life after his release.

Becker received an eight-year sentence and it is said he too went straight when paroled. Recognizing the potential danger of the man, a large banking institution employed him for years in its lithography department. He was paid a premium salary and his employers and the police were able to keep an eye on him!

For Lees the case added another laurel to an already brilliant record. Far from slowing down in his advanced years, Lees made the 1890s a time of his greatest achievements. The gruesome Durrant case, the Botkin poisoning, the Frank Miller affair, and many other cases established him as one of the country's foremost sleuths.

Lees became Chief of Police in 1897 and retired in 1900 after spending a record forty-seven years on the force. He had investigated some 14,000 cases during his long career. When he died in 1902 thousands of people viewed the funeral procession of the man whom local newspapers referred to as "the greatest criminal catcher the West ever knew."

His old friend William Pinkerton summmed up the feeling of lawmen throughout the United States. "The country," he said, "never knew another just like him."

Life Along The Canadian

(Continued from page 37)

ON a long ago day at a forgotten spot on the lonely plains, a *cibolero* made a trade with an Indian. It probably amounted to nothing more than a little food for some small item in return, but it marked the beginning of the notorious *Comanchero* trade that flourished for 200 years. The bartering encouraged Indians to rip apart entire settlements in central Texas and leave blood and carnage in the dust of their fleeing ponies.

By the middle of the 19th century, *Comancheros*, following burros, carts, and wagons packed high with trade goods, moved along the Canadian River and traded with the Indians at a hundred places. Trinkets, guns, ammunition, bread, and wine were swapped to the Indians for stolen livestock, buffalo robes, and white and Indian captives. It was a vicious business that implicated high ranking government officials; repercussions from it were felt all the way to Washington, D. C. This trading came to an end, however, only when the Indians were placed on reservations.

The Indians did not go on reservations without a struggle. In the spring of 1874, within a mile of the Canadian River, one of the wildest Indian fights in all the annals of the West occurred. At Adobe Walls, in Hutchinson County, a small group of rock hard buffalo hunters fought off the onslaughts of hundreds of Indians. When the attack was over, the buffalo hunters had won, but they weren't too sure about it for several days.

After the Indians had been removed, Mexican sheepmen used the range along the Canadian River. Some of them had been *ciboleros* or *Comancheros* and had noted the rich grass as they rode along looking for Indians to trade with or buffalo to slaughter. Quietly they entered the valley of the Canadian, built plazas—some with as many as a dozen rock houses—and turned their sheep to graze on a thousand hills. Today in remote spots along the river these houses with crumbling walls are testimony to their pastoral life. Infrequently the Mexican families were visited by a priest from Chaperito or Las Vegas in New Mexico, and that was about their only contact with life outside their domain. It was a lonely existence and many of them left when cattlemen entered the valley.

The Mexicans who remained helped organize Oldham County, the first in northwest Texas. Mariano Montoyo became the first county treasurer. Casimero Romero helped start the plaza of Tascosa which later was the trade center of a vast area. By the late 1800s, this rip-roaring little town afforded games for the gamblers, whiskey for the thirsty, girls for the romantic, and supplies for the ranches.

LIKE a hungry lobo circling a dying calf, cattlemen were ready to pounce upon the Canadian River range as soon as the Indians were removed to Indian Territory. Some of the world's largest ranches were established along that river in northwest Texas. The Mexican sheep-

These ruins were once the home of Ellsworth Torrey, eastern banker and among the first ranchers to use the Canadian River Valley.

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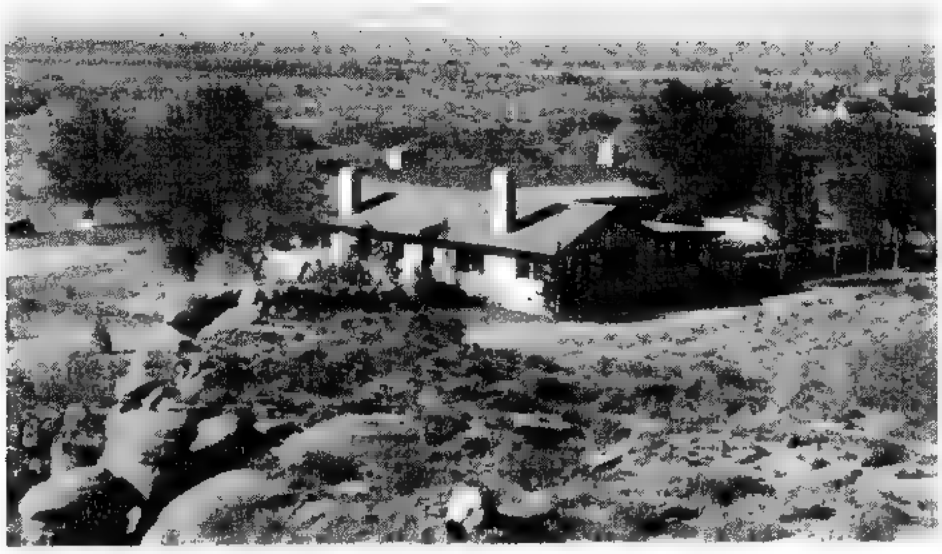

The LS Ranch today, owned by the Ware Estate of Amarillo.

men didn't interfere much with the big cattlemen who either bought out the sheepmen's meager improvements or ran them out and took over.

It would be risky to try to name the very first cattleman who arrived in the valley, made crude headquarters, and turned out his stock to graze the old buffalo range. In the late 1870s, John Chisum had a herd grazing in Oldham County, against the New Mexico line. Chisum's cowboys added zest to a dull life when they rode to Salinas Plaza, took a few drinks to knock the dust from their throats, and wound up in a knock-down fight that ended in a killing. This disturbance marked the decline of the noted plaza, named for a small salt lake nearby, and soon Mexicans by the dozens moved across the border into New Mexico. The Chisum herds didn't remain in the area long either, but part of the country they grazed is noted on maps as "Chisum Canyon."

George W. Littlefield of Gonzales, Texas, with his nephew J. Phelps White in charge, sent a herd of cattle down from Dodge City, Kansas about 1877 to some free range near Tascosa. Littlefield's foreman, C. S. McCarty, was elected one of the first four commissioners of Oldham County. When informed that he had been elected to a "high office," McCarty, who knew considerably more about cows than about county government, exclaimed, "My God! I ain't got time to go to Washington!" Littlefield sold his cattle and brand, LIT, to the Prairie Land and Cattle Company in 1881 and left the Canadian River Valley.

Jim Kenedy, whose father was a partner of Richard King in South Texas, drove cattle to the Canadian River in the late 1870s and grazed them near the mouth of Rita Blanca Creek, some twenty miles west of Tascosa. A short time later, Kenedy sold his cattle and possibly a few leases to Ellsworth Torrey, an eastern banker. Torrey enlarged the Kenedy rock shack and made it a show place for that time.

W. H. Bates and D. T. Beals, New England traders, brought the LX herd to the valley in the late 1870s and built rock houses on the north bank of the Canadian River due north of present-day Amarillo. Some noted Westerners drew their pay from the LX Ranch: Jim East, second sheriff at Tascosa and a Billy the Kid chaser; Charles Siringo, writer and detective; and Wild Bill Moore, the manager. It was said that "Moore could steal 'em faster than the LX could raise 'em."

W. M. D. Lee, wealthy buffalo hide merchant, post trader, and government contractor, arrived in western Oldham County late in 1879 to form the LE Ranch for himself and his partner, A. E. Reynolds. Lee split with Reynolds in 1882, but by that time he had taken on another partner, Lucien Scott, a Leavenworth, Kansas banker, and had formed the famed LS Ranch. Indications are that Lee established both the LE and LS Ranches at the same time.

Lee's life along the river was hectic. Being a disliked "Damned Yankee," local rustlers aimed their long loops straight at LS and LE cattle, and Lee and others brought in Pat Garrett to protect their interests. Garrett formed a group of some of the toughest men who ever drew six-shooters, and made enemies right and left. The episode reached a climax in March 1886 on the dusty main street of Tascosa where three of Lee's cowboys and an innocent bystander were gunned down.

The XIT, giant of them all, stocked three million acres in 1885 and fought rustlers and blizzards for twenty-five years. This famous ranch owned thousands of acres along the Canadian and considered them the best of the three million.

Across the Panhandle to the east other large ranchers arrived along the Canadian. The Turkey Track near Adobe Walls ran hundreds of horses and thousands of cattle. Hank Cresswell, of the Bar CC, grazed cattle from Adobe Walls to Indian Territory, and most of them drank water from the Canadian.

That river and its valley were stingy with yellow gold—little has been found there—but they gave generously of the

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black, greasy type. Oil wells that made millionaires overnight stretch for miles on both sides and sometimes even creep into the river's sacred bed.

It wasn't until railroads came into the Texas Panhandle in the middle 1880s that life changed along the Canadian River. Tascosa withered and died while Amarillo became the metropolis of that part of the state. Lake Meredith now impounds the river's water to form a conservation and recreation project.

What an inglorious fate for the wildest of the wild rivers—it too has been disarmed and "put on the reservation."

Soul Saving

(Continued from page 33)

flower beds edged by bottles or bricks set at an angle. A trimmer was a woman who trimmed hats. She fashioned floral dreams out of bare straw frames. She draped with maline, veiling or mull. No two hats were the same. Each was an original, for machines had not ruined creativity. Mama was an artist when it came to trimming.

In the privacy of my room, I tried on my hat, setting it at a rakish angle. It was divine, the loveliest thing this side of heaven. I've never forgotten it! Some day, I said to myself, I'd be surrounded by bushels of flowers, I'd sail the seven seas, wear hats with streamers a mile long!

Many Sundays Papa went to the church, rang the bell, opened windows to let in fresh air, took his seat behind the pulpit—then waited and waited. No one came. Not a single soul! Why? A black cloud billowed overhead. Folks in Oklahoma Territory were spooked by the slightest hint of a storm, being mortally afraid of cyclones. They suspected the slightest cloud of harboring a twister, and in terror hurried to underground cellars. On such occasions Papa finally closed the windows, locked the door, and went home. He could not preach to empty pews.

This happened often and no doubt hastened Papa's decision to move to the Texas plains where it seldom rained and a cloud was a welcome sight.

THE town he chose was Tahoka, isolated on a wind-swept prairie. We traveled by train as far as Plainview, Texas, and the rest of the way by jitney, with grips resting on outside fenders.

At sunset we reached lonely Tahoka, ninety miles from anywhere. A glowing sky threw into sharp relief this tiny village huddled against the vast orange

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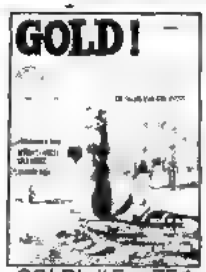
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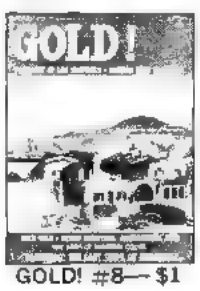
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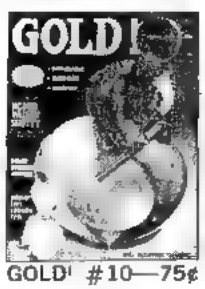
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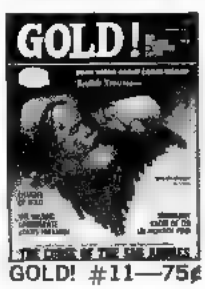
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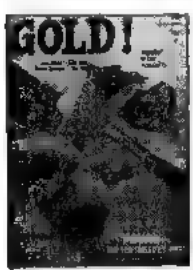
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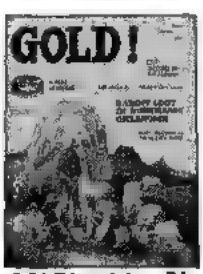
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background. Bare prairie, pale gold, stretched on and on, endless. It was not a case of love at first sight.

For once, Mama was flabbergasted. She said, but to no one in particular, "Well! Well, I never! What on earth could anyone see in this place?" Papa said nothing.

Mama, the practical one, knowing it would be weeks before our furniture could arrive by wagon, delivered her first command. "We certainly will not move in on any of the members. We'll rent a house and just camp out until our things get here." This we did.

Heaven sent furnishings. For a dining table we used a long counter borrowed from a grocery store. Beds came from the jail. The sheriff said, "I told the Reverend no prisoners had ever slept in these beds. We're *prepared* for lawbreakers, but folks here are naturally law-abidin'."

Mama had a skeptical look. A prison? No prisoners? Soon we were set up for temporary housekeeping. Camping out was great fun. Food never tasted so good. Mama said it was because of the dry climate. It was dry all right. Rain? "Well, it rained here thirteen months ago," we were told. Tahoka was one of the most cloudless places on earth. Papa had no worries about cyclones or absent church members.

Mama, however, had many things to combat. One was wash day. If a yellow cloud appeared on the horizon it was a signal of an approaching dust storm. Before clothes could be snatched from the line, dust filled the air, visibility was zero, and every garment was covered with dirt. Nor was that all. Cooked food had to thrown out, it was full of grit. Fine sand covered everything within the house, and such dust storms often lasted for days.

ONE NIGHT at twilight we heard a great clatter. Hurrying to the front gallery we saw a wagon piled high with our very own furniture.

Soon uncrated boxes showed the wreckage—broken dishes, chairs minus legs, and splintered furniture. Luckily some pieces were intact. Years of experience had taught Mama how to make-do so she set about it. All she needed was a hammer, nails and a few yards of calico. She took an empty wooden box, set it on end, curtained it, hung a looking glass above it, and we had a pretty dressing table.

With winter, fierce northers shook our frail house, and deep snow covered the ground. Because of the cold and dust, Papa's catarrh bothered him. (This discomfort was not then called sinus.)

But if the weather failed to cooperate with Papa, being too cold or too dusty, there was no lack of cooperation at church. The song leader had a favorite hymn which went, "All things are ready . . . come to the feast . . . come for the door is open wide . . ." Of course he meant a spiritual feast, which members enjoyed. Papa often looked down at me and I was sure he was trying to tell me something, but most of the time my mind was closed for repairs.

Then a Ladies Aid Society sent two "Missionary Barrels" to us from Virginia. Heaven was still looking out for us, or had some Tahoka member sent word to them of our need? The barrels held lovely useful things, such as two comforts. A comfort was a thick quilt tacked but not quilted. The ones given us had red roses on a green sateen background. Cold nights were warmer because of them. There was also a purple velvet suit which Mama altered to make me a Sunday dress. Purple is still my favorite color.

Christmas called forth my mother's supreme artistic talents, for the bare prairie was devoid of trees and no evergreens were freighted in. Only necessities were so hauled and a Christmas tree was a luxury.

But Mama could not be defeated by a treeless prairie. On Christmas Eve at the church, we had not one tree but two. Mama persuaded a member to offer upon the altar of necessity two small peach trees devoid of leaves. Then she wrapped each bare limb with cotton, and hung strips of tin-foil from them to make silver icicles. The trees were a fairyland of splendor.

Papa had asked earlier at the store, "Sister, do you see anything you want?" I had replied, "No, Papa, I don't see anything I want." What a blissful state of contentment. Never again have I known such. But Mama was equal to this challenge also.

On Christmas Eve, along with the whole town, I looked at the two decorated peach trees and wondered what my present would be, for everybody would receive a gift, both old and young.

When my name was called I went bounding down the aisle. My present was a big round silver dollar in its own little pouch made secure by a drawstring. I have received many gifts since, but nothing ever gave me as much sheer joy as the silver dollar. Tahoka I will ever remember as the place I learned happiness in simple things. Ah, Tahoka, the place that opened her arms to us! Part of our hearts we left there when we moved on —for true to his resolve Papa left while people were begging him to stay.

THIS TIME we went to Arkansas, where the whole state would be Papa's frontier, for he would be a state missionary, with our family living in Little Rock. He was at heart still a saddlebag preacher, though the saddlebag now was a suitcase and the horse a train carrying him to isolated places.

On our arrival in Little Rock we stayed one night in a hotel, a high point in our experiences. We had only one room, so Mama and Papa slept at the head of the bed and little brother and I at the foot. I have no memory of any discomfort and slept quite soundly, but I've often wondered if Mama and Papa slept at all.

At breakfast, Papa said, "Did any of you ever see a hundred-dollar bill?" Goodness no! I didn't know such was even made. Papa passed the bill around for all of us to admire. He said, "This is all I got from the sale of our furniture when we left Tahoka and this is all I can spend on more furniture." That bill bought

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enough second-hand furniture to fill a five-room rented house! Some of the pieces are still in our family and are considered antiques.

For a small down payment my parents bought their first home. Mama was very happy. Papa we seldom saw. He came home at all sorts of odd hours, staying only long enough to repack a suitcase and catch another train. He was happy, too, for all sorts of strange places awaited him. He preached in the Ozarks where people came to church carrying their shoes in hand and putting them on when they entered the church. There were sawmill towns and places on the Mississippi River where there were three blacks to every white. No place had a corner on sin.

IF we never knew *when* to expect Papa, he never knew *what* to expect of us. Ex-Confederate soldiers held a reunion in Little Rock, which gave Mama a chance to make some extra money by renting rooms for their stay.

Quite without warning Papa came home one midnight. Every door he opened revealed bearded Confederates billeted on cots, single beds, double beds and all available space. Finally he located his family bedded down in the attic, which he reached from a stairway in the kitchen.

We loved Little Rock. It lives in memory as a place of shaded streets, gentle and frequent rains, and a time of unhurried life.

But years of Papa's never ending schedule of sleepless nights and all sorts of food was undermining his health. Seeing how tired and worn he looked Mama said, "It is just terrible that your daddy has to give his very life trying to get people to do what they know they ought to do."

So we had to leave Little Rock and Papa had to cease trying to bring the gospel to a whole state. Mama cried when we left. There were other towns, but none so dear as Little Rock that we loved, and tiny Tahoka that loved us.

Years later, when Papa retired from baptizing, marrying, and burying, a newspaper reporter interviewed him. Papa said, "Oh, I just went along quietly, never raising much dust."

But the dust he raised, only eternity will settle.

Josanie-Apache Warrior

(Continued from page 39)

group then rode to the Shy Ranch. Mr. Shy repelled the attack, but was forced to abandon his home with his wife and twelve-year-old son when the house was set on fire. Fleeing the burning home, Shy's son was wounded, but managed to get to shelter and the Indians left the scene.

Soon the hostiles overtook two couriers. One of them, a Navajo scout, was killed and the other, Private John Abbot, was wounded. The band then split up. Eleven warriors, with Josanie as their leader, headed north to the Black Range Mountains while the remainder retreated to their sanctuary in Mexico.

DURING the next two weeks Josanie's small war party committed no depredations. They traveled northwest to Fort Apache at night time and concealed themselves during the day. Several unsuccessful attempts at pursuit were made. When pressed too closely, the Indians would simply scatter in different directions and regroup later. This made trailing very difficult. The army seldom had the manpower to follow each trail; also it was much more difficult to follow a trail made by one or two men than one made by ten or eleven.

On November 23, 1885 the commander at Fort Apache, Lieut. James Lockett, informed General George Crook by telegraph, that a small band of hostiles had been sighted within four miles of the fort and that his scouts were preparing to "go in pursuit." At this point the telegraph wires were cut by a member of Josanie's war party and the General was unable to find out any more until the lines were mended. By that time the war party had struck.

Early on November 24 the Apaches killed William Waldo and Will Harrison, two herders in charge of the reservation beef herd. They also stole some horses belonging to Chief Bonito. The trail was immediately taken up by Lieut. Charles Eben Nordstrom, ten soldiers, Chato (who was now a scout), and eighteen other scouts. Troops all over the Southwest were alerted and some were sent out to try to intercept the small band of raiders.

On the chilly night of November 26, Josanie struck Chief Nadiskis' White Mountain Indian camp near Fort Apache. The raid was short but fierce. Orange flashes from guns could be seen in the darkness. Women and children ran to avoid capture while the men made a feeble attempt at defense. Twelve reservation Apache men, women and children were slain and five or six women and one child were taken captive. The hostiles lost Azariquelch, a warrior who was killed with an ax by a White Mountain man. (Lieut. Maus said that Azariquelch was a son of Chief Juh.) Azariquelch's head was later severed from his body and presented to an officer at Fort Apache.

The Apaches normally didn't attack at night and that is probably why Josanie chose to do so. The raid was a complete surprise. Reportedly it was made to get revenge on these "White man's Indians" and maybe to induce some dissatisfied reservation Indians into joining Josanie.

The Apaches struck again on November 29, killing W. H. Clark near the subagency, a man named McAllister at Bear Springs, and Thomas Johnson at Black Rock. Josanie fled south through Aravaipa Canyon, then doubled back and stole some horses at the Mormon settlement of Layton. The warriors entered the small town one evening when the settlers were gathered for prayer, and stole all of the horses with the exception of those tied up just outside the church. All of this was accomplished without the knowledge of the Mormon settlers. Imagine the surprised looks on their faces when they came out of church. They, however, recovered quickly and sent a posse after the thieves.

When the Layton men reached Solomonville it was found that the Indians had stolen some horses there also. The posse, now reinforced with men for Solomonville, continued to give pursuit but as they neared Ash Peak they were ambushed. Shots rang out, and Seth and Lorenzo Wright of Layton fell dead. The white men could not put up a defense as their horses were rearing and plunging with fright. The Apaches, unscathed, resumed their flight but not until they had mutilated the Wright Brothers.

ON December 3, a cowboy named Dick May was killed at the Coronado Ranch ten miles north of Duncan, Arizona Territory. He was shot by an Indian hiding behind a large prickly pear cactus. A Mexican ranch hand was also killed.

Josanie then headed east, knowing better than to head south where soldiers in the valley between the Whetstone and Dragoon Mountains would be waiting for him. Josanie was right. General Crook had five troops of cavalry in that locality waiting to ambush the war party should it pass through there.

Two cowboys saved their lives by fleeing the Mule Springs Ranch before the Indians arrived, but on December 6, a freighter named George Kinney along with a companion, Charles Clark, were killed on the Alma road. Kinney and Clark had partially unloaded the wagon and were in the process of doing some repair work when they were attacked. Both men were riddled before they could defend themselves.

On December 9 Josanie attacked and burned the Lillie Ranch, located at the head of the middle fork of the Gila River. Lillie and a rancher named Prior were killed. The Indians probably acquired a lot of supplies there since Lillie had recently returned with his winter provisions.

On the cold evening of the same day Lieut. Samuel W. Fountain with some members of Troop "C" of the 8th Cavalry and ten Navaho scouts attacked Josanie's raiders as they were leaving Lillie's burning cabin. Neither side lost any men; however Josanie was left without horses and much of his loot. In the way of retribution, Josanie raided other ranches for horses and supplies.

All this time these Apaches had been without a base of supply. They had to live off what they could steal or find along the way. The Apaches ate horse meat which must have constituted a large portion of their diet. It has been stated the Apaches used the small intestines of a horse as a water container; however, the Apaches who have been asked about this denied it. They said they used wicker baskets lined with pine pitch, and flasks made from deer or calf stomachs. The trick of placing small twigs and stones under the tongue to make saliva flow may have been used also.

One must also remember that these Apaches spent many cold and gloomy nights without the comfort and convenience of a small fire, for fear of being discovered. But these were tough and determined Apaches.

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On December 10, Josanie's band killed seventeen-year-old Ethel Harris as he and a companion, Homer Tarbell, were herding some cattle. They also killed a Mr. Papinaw who was reported to have had at least thirty bullet holes in his body when found. Then on December 19, Josanie attacked Lieut. Fountain's detachment of 8th Cavalry at Dry Creek. The first volley killed and wounded several horses. Also wounded in the first volley were Surgeon T. J. C. Maddox and Corporal McFarland. Later, Dr. Maddox was shot through the head while being tended to by steward Babcock and a Private Beatty. Lieut. De Rosey C. Cabell was slightly wounded. Blacksmith Collins was mortally wounded as was Private Wishart who was said to be "one of the strongest men in the 8th Cavalry." A Private Gibson and another enlisted man also lost their lives in this short but bloody battle. Five dead and two wounded and Josanie's band still intact—a mighty high price to pay for not sending out flankers.

Lieutenant Fountain, who wasn't present at the time was the same Lieut. Fountain who attacked Josanie on December 9. Earlier in the day Fountain had tried to persuade his Navaho scouts to break camp and continue on their way to Fort Bayard for supplies. The Navahos, sensing Apaches ahead, proved to be very sluggish about it. Fountain impatiently sent his column and wagontrain ahead while he stayed behind to bring up the scouts. He did not regain his command until the hostiles had already fled.

ON Christmas Eve, the Apaches stole more horses at a ranch near Carlisle and killed a man named Snow. They then attacked Bob and Drew Windham who, unfortunately, were looking for a fat cow for the Christmas table. Drew was wounded in the leg and Bob was wounded fatally. Drew managed to take his brother to a doctor in Carlisle but only to see him die early on Christmas morning.

Lieutenant D. N. McDonald of "M" Troop, 4th cavalry, along with fifty Navaho scouts under Lieut. George L. Scott, were rapidly closing in on the raiders by this time. Knowing that the Indians were heading south, General Crook notified troops in southeastern Arizona and southwestern New Mexico to prepare their ambushes.

McDonald and Scott, who were pursuing Josanie closely, had hopes of catching the raiders early in the afternoon of December 26. But once more the Navaho scouts balked. They refused to go any farther. McDonald, not yet ready to give up, continued pursuit with his troops. The trail led through exceedingly rough country and the disappointed officer was forced to abandon the chase in the Stein's Peak range. Josanie, still riding in a southerly direction, found time to kill a couple of whites near Galeyville to cap off his successful raid into the United States.

Troops scoured the Chiricahua Mountains but all hope of catching the Indians was lost when a snowstorm, that lasted three days, set in.

Josanie and his band had thrown the Southwest into a turmoil. They had outfought, out-thought, out-maneuvered, and out-guessed every unit sent against them. This included the best in the Territory, among them Captain Emmett Crawford who gave up the trail after a couple of weeks, and Al Sieber who found the trail but decided against pursuit as the trail was already cold.

Josanie's band had killed a considerable number of people and captured five or six White Mountain Apache squaws and one child. They had stolen approximately 250 horses and mules and had ridden an estimated 1,200 miles. All of this was accomplished with the loss of one man who was abandoned in the Los Pinos Mountains of Mexico, and one other who was killed near Fort Apache by a White Mountain Indian.

Josanie rejoined his brother's warriors in Old Mexico and remained at large until March 1886 when he, along with the majority of the hostiles, surrendered to General George Crook at Canyon de los Embudos.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 43)

Dale's poems from *The Prairie Schooner* also appear. The three tributes plus the selected writings provide a picture of a remarkable and well loved Texas-born cowboy who became one of our best cow country historians and a great teacher at the University of Oklahoma. Strongly recommended.

COWBOY FUN

Frank Dean has had over thirty years of trick and fancy riding experience as a rodeo contestant. He studied the techniques and stunts of the other riders while developing his own skills. His first rodeo article appeared on *Hoofs and Horns* in 1938 and he has contributed many to the *Western Horseman* in the years since. Dean's *Trick and Fancy Riding* (Caxton Printers, $14.95) is the second printing of a book first issued in 1960 and long O.P. In it he describes over 140 riding stunts and tells exactly how to perform them. Mrs. Dean, also a rodeo performer, made many of the action photos. While the author's instructions are clearly stated, the photos and drawings make the book—it is a big handsome volume. Recommended.

COWMAN GONE WRONG?

Devil on Horseback (Valley Publishers, Fresno, $7.95) by Dudley T. Ross, unveils the untold story of Jack Powers, a debonair bounder who terrorized inhabitants along California's Camino Real during the gold rush era. A dashing handsome Irishman, Powers migrated to California with the New York Volunteers. An expert horseman, he first drew notoriety when he won a bet by riding horseback 150 miles in six hours, forty-three minutes and thirty-one seconds, considerably under the eight-hour limit set in the wager. Powers was able to make his record speed by exchanging mounts stationed strategically along the route. Horses were changed every one to four miles. The event drew a mixed crowd of 8,000 people at San Francisco who paid a dollar each. His main headquarters at Santa Barbara provided a base of operations for his activities along the Camino Real between San Francisco and San Diego. Reliable records indicate he dabbled in ranching and cattle and horse raising. An accomplished gambler, Powers also was accused of assembling a gang of cutthroats who helped murder and rob ranchers and transients along the Royal Road. Enraged citizens organized vigilante committees which began killing members of Powers' outlaw gang. He fled to save his life. Gaining secret passage on a ship, he landed in Mexico on the Gulf of lower California. From there he headed north to Arizona and established a cattle ranch where he met a hideous death. The author has assembled an intriguing biography about Powers from miscellaneous police reports, as well as diary and newspaper accounts, but he is not ready to agree that all of the accusations made by contemporary reporters were true. His final quote is from Major Horace Bell, the old Los Angeles Ranger, a friend of Jack Powers, who wrote that he believed Jack incapable of robbery. While Jack is long dead, there still are questions about his alleged criminal acts.

HORSE VIGNETTES

Those looking for family reading, including juveniles, will find it in *Horsin' Around* (The Naylor Company, $7.95) by Don Coldsmith. A practicing M. D. and purebred Appaloosa breeder, the author is a practical horse nut with the talent to write so that people can enjoy and understand what his pen turns out. The book presents nearly 300 brief columns published in the Emporia, Kansas *Times* by Coldsmith's friend, editor Merle Bird. The columns may be read in from two to four minutes; they are funny and full of the wisdom of Solomon.

TEXAS STYLE

Some Still Do: Essays on Texas Customs (Encino Press, $10.00) was edited by Francis Edward Abernathy and is Publication 39 of The Texas Folklore Society. The essays cover such diverse subjects as syrup making, bee coursing, playing muhle, chimney daubing, following the forked stick, fiddling and "Waggoner's Cowboys." Dr. Wilson M. Hudson writes on "Amateur and Professional Folklorists" with emphasis on the secretary-editors of the Society—Stith Thompson, J. Frank Dobie, Mody Boatright and Abernathy but with only minor mention of his own major contributions to the strength of the Society. The text is spritely for the most part and this is probably the best illustrated publication of the Society since *Mustangs and Cow Horses* in 1940. The book was designed by Bill Wittliff and an attractive volume indeed. Recommended.

CORRECTION

Regarding "Those Marryin' Earp Men," by Glenn Boyer, in the April '76 TRUE WEST. The author noted the following corrections: Newton Earp married only once "for the record." Virgil Earp's daughter married L. D. Bohn, not L. O. Virginia Cooksey Earp was eight years younger than N. P. Earp, not six. The photo of Josephine Earp in 1879 was by courtesy of Mrs. Mabel Earp Cason, not Carson.

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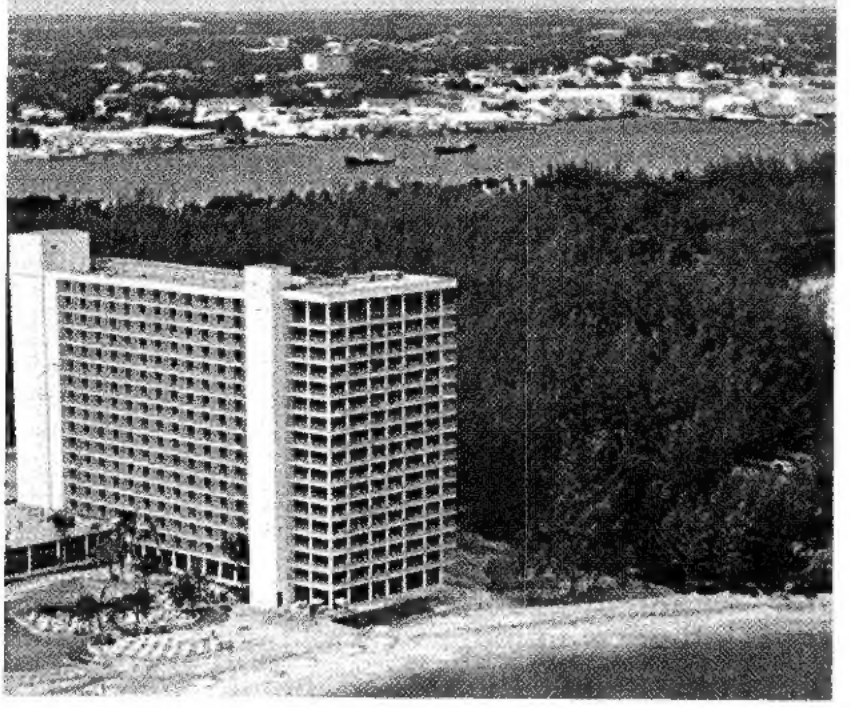

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